THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 55—No. 3. Beaver, Pa., Wednesday, January 22, 1873. Established 1818

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted at the rate of $1,00 per square for first insertion, and for each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements.

A space equal to ten lines of this type measures a square.

Business Notices set under a head by themselves immediately after the local news, will be charged ten cents a line for each insertion.

Advertisements should be handed in before Monday noon to insure insertion in that week's paper.

Business Directory.

BEAVER.

P. H. AGNEW. J. M. BUCHANAN.

AGNEW & BUCHANAN,
Attorneys at Law,
Third Street, Beaver, Penn'a.
Opposite the Argus office.

J. F. DUNLAP,
Attorney at Law. Office in the Court House, Beaver, Pa. All business promptly attended to. (may5'71-ly

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK neatly and expeditiously executed at the Argus office.

O. A. SMAIL, Attorney at law, Beaver, Pa. Office in the Court House. dec5-tf

JAMES CAMERON, Attorney at Law, Beaver, Pa. Office on 3d st., in the rooms formerly occupied by the late Judge Connaghan. All business entrusted to him will receive *prompt* and careful attention. je21:1y

JOHN B. YOUNG, Attorney at Law. Office and residence on Third st., east of the Court House. Business promptly attended to. ap5:1y

H. McCREERY, Attorney at Law. Office on Third st., below the Court House. All business promptly attended to. je21, '70:1

P. P. KUHN, Attorney at Law. Office east end of Third street, Beaver, Pa. mar5:1y

DR. J. S. McNUTT, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Special attention paid to treatment of Female diseases. Residence and office on Third street, one door west of the Court-House. apr2'71:1y

HENRY MERZ, Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots, Shoes and Gaiters; Main st. (sep28:1y

BEAVER DRUG STORE, Hugo Amrhein Druggist & Apothecary, Main st. Prescriptions carefully compounded (sep28:1y

NEW BRIGHTON.

CHAS. COAL E, Dealer in paints, oil, glass, nails, putty, glue, locking-chains, frames, garden flower-seeds and fancy towls. Falls street, Brighton. sep27'71-1y

WESNER & BINGHAM, manufacturers of carriages, buggies, spring-wagons, truck-wagons, vehicles of every description. Bridge St. All practical workmen. Successors to George Wesner. mar6'69

A. SCHNECKER, dealer in Watches, Clocks Jewelry, Repairing neatly executed. Shop near Falls st. nov17-1y

A. SIPPERT, Baker & Confectioner; Ice cream, Oysters and Game in season. Balls, New Weddings &c. supplied. nov1

W. M. WALLACE, Dealer in Italian & American Marble, Manufacturer of Monuments, Grave Stones & Tables at reasonable prices. Railroad st., Depot, New Brighton. [sep26

NEW RESTAURANT and EATING SALOON, open at all hours, table supplied with delicacies of the season. Prices low. Wm. Kuhn, corner of Portland and Broadway. my17'71-1y

PERFECT MOUNT NURSERIES.—Evergreen and small Fruits. Price list free on application. mar29'72-1y E. THOMAS.

A. J. SELLENBERG, Merchant Tailor, Brighton, New Brighton. Second st. [apl6:1y

SNYDER'S Photographic Wilson's Block, New Brighton. Best photographs from ro to inch. sep24:1y

BEAVER FALLS.

W. ROBERTSON, Dealer in the justly celebrated Domestic sewing Machine. Ladies and be convinced. Main st., Falls sep27

EVENSON & WITTIG, Real Estate Agents, Beaver Falls, Beaver co. Pa., and corner 6th and Penn streets, Pittsburgh. aug29:1y

PETER & SON, Dealers in Yankee Notions, &c., Main st., Beaver Falls. sep6:1y

BRIDGEWATER.

F. WEINMAN, Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, Bridge St., Bridgewater. (sep27:1y

WILLIAM, Bridge street, Bridgewater, Pa., Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silver Ware, Spectacles, &c. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired. [feb13:71:1y

DANIEL MILLER, Fashionable Tailor. None but experienced workmen employed. Shop rear of R. R. Bridgewater, Pa. fe'ts'71-1y

MICHEL, Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Caps, Furs, Carpets, Oil Cloths and Trimmings, Bridge st., Bridgewater, Pa. sep14:1y

ROCHESTER.

W. A. JOHNSON, Dealer in Wall Paper of all kinds. Old rooms, halls and churches repapered in a workmanlike manner, and at reasonable prices. Shop on Third st., Rochester. nov22:1y

DANNER HOUSE, David Wolf, Proprietor, *Hand Politics*, R. R. street, near Depot. nov20:1y

F. SANDY & CO., successors to Wm. Sandy, Druggists and Chemists. Prescriptions compounded at all hours. R. R. st., Rochester sep4:1y

WEIL & CO., Fancy Dry Goods, Notions, Millinery, Mantles, &c., near Depot, Rochester, Pa. sep14'72-1y

HENRY LAUFF, Manufacturer and Dealer in Furniture of all kinds. Brighton st., above Depot. See advt. (sep14:1y

SAMUEL C. HANNEN, Druggist. [sep14:1y

BEAVER & SONS, Wholesale & Retail Dealers in Fine Family Groceries, Flour, Feed, Provisions, &c., Corner of Water & James sts., Rochester.

MILLER & CO., Contractors and Builders, Manufacturers of Sash, Doors, Shutters &c., Corner Lock & Rochester. [sep21:1y

DOYLE & WILLIAMS, Successors to C. Doyle, Dealers in Sawed and Planed Lumber, Rochester. sep28:1y

LARE & CLARE, proprietors of Johnston House, accommodations and rates of board reasonable. Depot, Rochester. sep28:1y

MILLER, Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c., Main st., Rochester. Repairing done neatly and promptly. Second floor, Rochester, Pa. sep14:1y

ALLEGHENY CITY.

DR. WANAN, Electrical Physician, Chronic Diseases a specialty. Office, 187 Webster st., Allegheny City, Pa. [sep14:1y

MISCELLANEOUS.

JAMES ADAD, Freedom, Beaver county, Pa., Dealer in Sawed and Planed Lumber of all kinds. Barges built to order. [mar17-1y

JOHN HORNSLEY, Manufacturer of the Great Western Cooking Stove, and Patentee of Portable top and centre. Pallston, Pa.

D. CONE, M. D., late of Darlington, has removed to New Brighton, offers his services, in all its branches, to the people of this and surrounding country. Office corner of Market and Broadway. sep13,1y

LAST NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the subscriber, for professional services, will please call and see that their accounts are not settled in some way before the first day of next January, or they will be collected without fear or favor.

J. F. JACKSON

Beaver, Nov. 20, 1872.—3m

NOTICE.

NATIONAL BANK OF BEAVER COUNTY, New Brighton, December 24, 1872.

The Board of Directors of this Bank have this day declared a dividend of Four per cent. out of the profits for the last six months payable on demand. EDWARD LOWRY, Cashier.

NOTICE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Notice is hereby given to the Heirs and Legal Representatives of the late Estate of Moon township, Beaver county, Pa., deceased, that I have been granted Letters of Administration on the Estate of the said deceased. All persons having claims against the decedent's estate, will present them without delay to the undersigned for settlement, and persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

GEORGE SCOTT, } Exrs.
FRED'K ERB, }

Claim Agency.

OLDEST IN THE STATE

E. F. BROWN & CO.,

Of Old Reliable Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania—Pensions, Bounties, Prize money, &c., attention paid to suspended and rejected Applications by mail attended to as if in person. sep18:6m

Want d.

Wanted to Borrow

Money from one to five years, any sum from $100 to $10,000. Interest not exceeding eight per cent. per annum. Security of the Borough of Beaver Falls, or the Bonds of the Corporation or address MARTIN METZGAR President of Council.

Beaver Falls, Pa., Nov 25, 1872.—dec6tf

Agents Wanted.

Immediately, four active, energetic men as Agents for the NEW WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE in this county. Men of good character can give good reference as to honesty and ability, and furnish a *Bond* need not apply. We will pay *guaranteed salaries, or liberal commission*, to *proper men*. Only such men as desire to enter the business need apply. WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO., No. 140 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa. mar6'71-1y

$250 A MONTH, $250

WE WANT 10,000 AGENTS,

MALE or FEMALE,

to sell the above amount selling BRIDE'S Patent Needle-Case and Pocket-Monnaie. This is an absolute necessity with every lady. Large profit. For Circular and Terms address Pittsburgh Supply Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

BOSTON AND ITS OBSTRUCTION.

An interesting and graphic account of the origin, suffering, losses and incidents of the great conflagration. A rare chance for any person wants to know the full particulars of the great fire. Send by mail for circulars to

WILLIAM FLINT,
Philadelphia, Pa., or Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED!

The unparalleled success of the "Victor Sewing Machine." East and West, opens a rare opportunity for Sewing Machine agents. A responsible man to take the agency for this County. For Circulars, terms of work and terms, address

The Victor Sewing Machine Co.,

J. L. FERGUSON,
MANAGER,

No. 1227 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA. dec4-1m

Banks and Bankers.

BANKING HOUSE
OF
James T. Brady & Co.,
COR. FOURTH AVE. & WOOD ST,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

WE BUY AND SELL

Government Securities, Gold, Silver,

AND COUPONS

ON LIBERAL TERMS,

And do a General Banking Business. We allow SIX PER CENT. INTEREST on DEPOSITS, subject to check without notice.

[jly8:1y.] JAMES T. BRADY & CO

BEAVER DEPOSIT BANK
Of BEAVER, PA.

EBEN ALLISON.....Cashier.

COLLECTIONS
PROMPTLY MADE AND REMITTED.

Correspondence and Accounts Solicited.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

EXCHANGE, SECURITIES, &c., &c., BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Office Hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

mc5:72:tf.

JNO. CONWAY & CO.,
BANKERS & BROKERS
ROCHESTER, PA.

DEALERS IN

EXCHANGE, COIN AND COUPONS.

ACCOUNTS of Manufacturers, Merchants and Individuals solicited.

Interest Allowed on Time Deposits.

Correspondence will receive prompt attention. jly31,tf

J. F. DEAVO. J. H. McCREERY.
J. S. ASHELL. Thos. McCREERY, *Cashier*

Beaver Savings Bank
—OF—
THOS. McCREERY & CO.,
BEAVER, PA.

DEALERS IN

EXCHANGE, COIN, COUPONS,

And Bankable Paper. Collections made in all parts of the United States. Special attention to Collections and Remittance. Interest on time Deposits. Open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. jly17:1y

Insurance.

Chas. D. Hurst's
INSURANCE
AND
General Agency Office,
NEAR THE DEPOT

Notary Public and Conveyancer;

FIRE, LIFE, and ACCIDENT INSURANCE; "Anchor" and "National" Lines of Ocean Steamers; "Adams" and "Union" Express Agent.

All kinds of Insurance at fair rates and liberal terms. Real Estate bought and sold. Deeds, Mortgages, Articles, &c., written; Depositions and Acknowledgments taken, &c., &c. Collections and Money forwarded to all parts of the United States and Canada. Passengers booked to and from England, Ireland, Scotland, France and Germany.

ÆTNA FIRE INS. CO.,
Of Hartford, Conn.,
Cash assetts.....$6,000,000

"By their fruits ye know them."
Losses paid in Jan. 1, 1871.....$28,000,000
One of the oldest and wealthiest Companies in the world.

NIAGARA Insurance Co.,
Of New York.
Cash assetts.....$1,500,000

ANDES FIRE INS. CO.,
Of Cincinnati, Ohio
Cash assetts.....$1,500,000

ENTERPRISE INS. CO.,
Of Philadelphia.
Cash assetts over.....$600,000

LANCASTER Fire Ins. Co.
Of Lancaster, Pa.
Cash assetts.....$240,000

ALPS INSURANCE CO.,
Of Erie, Penna.
Cash capital.....$250,000

HOME LIFE INS. CO,
Of New York
Cash assets.....$3,500,000

Travelers' Life & Accident Insurance Co.,
Of Hartford, Conn.
Cash assetts over.....$1,500,000.

Representing the above first class Insurance Companies, acknowledged to be amongst the best and most reliable in the world, and representing a gross cash capital of nearly $16,000,000, I am enabled to offer insurance to any amount. Applications promptly attended to and Policies written without delay, and at fair rates and liberal terms. *Loss literally adjusted and promptly paid.* INSURE TO PAY: By one day's delay you may lose the savings of years. Delays are dangerous, and unwise; therefore, *Insure to-day! One to-day is worth two to-morrows.* Quality, also, is of the utmost importance. The low priced, worthless article, always proves the dearest. The above companies are known to be amongst the best and wealthiest in the world.—"As ye sow that shall you reap."

Grateful for the very liberal patronage already bestowed, I hope—by a strict attention to a legitimate business—not only to merit a continuance of the same, but a large increase the present year.

Mr STEPHEN A. CRAIG is duly authorized to take applications for Insurance and receive the premium for the same in adjoining townships.

CHAS. D. HURST,
Near Depot, Rochester, Pa [jel4:1y

ROCHESTER
Fire Insurance Company.

INCORPORATED by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, February, 1872. Office one door east of Rochester Savings Bank, Rochester, Beaver county, Pa.

People of Beaver county can now have their property insured against loss or damage by fire, at fair rates, in a safe and

RELIABLE HOME COMPANY,

thereby avoiding the expense, trouble and delay incident to the adjustment of losses by companies located at a distance.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

J. V. M'Donald,	George C. Speyerer,
Samuel B. Wilson,	Lewis Schneider,
William Kennedy,	John Graebing,
Marshall M'Donald,	H. B. Edgar,
M. Camp, Jr.,	C. B. Hurst,
David Lowry,	Daniel Brenner.

OFFICERS:

GEO. C. SPEYERER, Pres't.
J. V. M'DONALD, *V. Pres't.*
H. J. SPEYERER, *Treas.*
E. KELSER, *Sec'y.* jy31:1y

Professional Cards.

GILBERT L. EBERHART.
Attorney at Law.

Will give prompt attention to collections, procuring bounties and pensions, buying and selling real estate, etc.

Office on Broadway, opposite R E & H Hoopes' Banking House, New Brighton, Beaver Co., Pa. sep 4tf

JAMES CAMERON. JOHN Y. MARKS.

CAMERON & MARKS.
Attorneys at Law
And Real Estate Agents,
Rochester, Pa.,

Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care, and have superior facilities for buying and selling real estate. dec14:1y

T. J. CHANDLER,
Dentist, still continues to perform all operations in the dental profession at his office, Beaver station, Rochester. All who favor him with a call may expect to have their work done in the best possible manner, and the most reasonable terms.

The books of the late firm of T. J. CHANDLER & SON are in his hands, where all who have accounts will please call immediately and settle the same may17'72:1y

Dentistry.

Dr. J. Murray, of Bridgewater, is determined that no Dentist in the State shall do work better or cheaper than he offers it to his patrons. He uses the best materials manufactured in the United States, and all work done by him is warranted to give satisfaction. Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations or the money returned. Give him a trial. dec6:1y

Insurance

Edu ational.

Business Training College
No. 5 SIXTH STREET, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Book-Keeping, Penmanship and Arithmetic, TIME UNLIMITED, $50 00.

Enter at any time. Send for a Circular and Specimen of Penmanship. Address

C. N. SHAFFER.

Manufacturers.

POINT PLANING MILLS,
WATER ST., ROCHESTER, PA.

HENRY WHITEFIELD,
MANUFACTURER OF
Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Floor-boards, Weather-boards, Palings Brackets, &c., &c. Also,
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES AND BUILDING TIMBER

Having purchased the the territorial interest of Mr J. C. Anderson, owner of the several patents covering certain improvements in the construction and joining of weatherboards and linings for houses and other buildings, we are the only persons authorized to make and sell the same within the limits of Beaver county. Parties interested will please observe this.

Carpenters' Supplies Constantly Kept on Hand.

Every manner of Shop-Work made to order. oct4:1y

FALLSTON
Foundry & Repair Shop.

Having been Engaged in the Foundry Business for more than thirty years,—during which time I have accomplished a variety of useful patterns, besides constructing models and taking out patents for improvements on

COOKING - STOVES

—and after having thoroughly tested these improvements, I feel warranted in offering them to the public.

PLOWS,

The GREAT WESTERN has no Superior for this Locality.

STOVES,

Stoves of Different Styles for Heating and Cooking.

The Great Republic Cooking Stove

Has the best Record of any Stove ever offered in this market.

IT TAKES LESS FUEL.

LESS ROOM TO DO MORE WORK.

BEST BAKER,
MOST DURABLE
ALTOGETHER

THE BEST STOVE IN USE.

In connection with the stove I have got up a Patent

EXTENSION TOP,

which occupies little room, no additional fuel, and is not liable to wear out, dispenses with all pipe, can be put on or taken off at any time, and made to suit all stoves of any size or pattern.

Five Hundred Persons

Who have purchased and used the

GREAT REPUBLIC COOKING STOVE,

Most of whose names have been published in the ARGUS, are confidently referred to, to bear witness of its superior merits as a cooking stove.

Having three first class engines on hand, of about fifteen horse power capacity, they are offered to the public at reasonable rates.

JOHN THORNILEY.
apr20:tf.

Railroads.

RAILROADS.—PITTSBURGH, FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY.—Condensed Time Table from December 22, 1873.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 1. Fst Ex	No. 3. Mail.	No. 7 Pac Ex	No. 5. Nit Ex
Pittsburgh	145AM	710AM	910AM	130PM
Rochester	252	840	1025	240
Alliance	515	1145	1PM	528
Orrville	651	145PM	307	706
Mansfield	835	422	509	911
Crestline { A	920	500	540	940
Crestline { D	940	610AM	600	950
Forest	1103	733	733	1115
Lima	1235PM	905	915	1217AM
Fort Wayne	240	1150	1205AM	345
Plymouth	445	235PM	255	555
Chicago	750	630	650	880

TRAINS GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 8. Mail.	No. 2. Fst Ex	No. 6. Pac Ex	No. 4. Nit Ex
Chicago	515AM	930AM	530PM	09PM
Plymouth	915	1205PM	815	1250AM
Fort Wayne	1220PM	520	1120	525
Lima	245	407	1 18AM	515
Forest	400	508	257	628
Crestline { A	536	630	405	805
Crestline { D	1150AM	650	415	825
Mansfield	1205PM	719	443	855
Orrville	215	820	637	1109
Alliance	429	1100	852	1125PM
Rochester	627	1128AM	1148	339
Pittsburgh	810	220	1145AM	545

No. 1 daily except Monday; Nos. 3, 5, 7 & 8, daily, except Sunday; Nos. 2 & 4, daily.

F. H. MYERS, General Ticket Agent.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.

On and after Dec. 22, 1872, trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Exp's.	Accom
Cleveland	830AM	155PM	400PM
Hudson	948	308	518
Ravenna	1015	333	542
Alliance	1040	413	625
Ravenna	1144	444	
Wellsville	110PM	600	
Pittsburgh	310	800	

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Exp's.	Accom
Pittsburgh	630AM	1457M	
Wellsville	855	810	
Bayard	1030	453	
Alliance	1125	547	735AM
Ravenna	1212PM	555	815
Hudson	1245	620	900
Cleveland	155	730	1015

Leaves. Arrives.
Bayard 12:10 & 500 p. m. | N. Philad. 3:00 & 730 p. m.
N. Philn. 6:40 a. m. & 1pm. | Bayard 9:45 a.m. & 4 p.m.

RIVER DIVISION.

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Accom	Mail.	Exp's	Accom
Bellair	545AM	1050AM	335PM	
Bridgeport	555	1100	345	
Steubenville	657	1212PM	445	
Wellsville	815	155	620	
Rochester	930	335	715	
Pittsburgh	1040	340	820	

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Exp's.	Accom	Accom
Pittsburgh	630AM	115PM	325PM	
Rochester	740	230	535	
Wellsville	850	340	700	
Steubenville	950	420	800	
Bridgeport	1100	525	915	
Bellair	1110	540	920	

F. H. MYERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

Manufacturers.

D. WOODRUFF. A. V. WOODRUFF.

Bridgewater Marble Works.

DEALERS in Italian and American Marble. All kinds of Marble Monumental Work done with neatness and dispatch. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. Market Street, Bridgewater, Pa. jy24-1y.

ALLEGHENY CITY
STAIR-BUILDING
AND
WOOD-TURNING SHOP.

Newels, Balusters, Hand Rails, with all *Jobs cut and bolted,* ready to hang furnished on short notice WILLIAM PEOPLES.
mar6;1y Cor. Webster St. & Graham alley.

PITTSBURG MARBLEIZED
MANTLE WORKS.
JAMES OLD,
102 FIFTEENTH ST., Between Penn and Liberty, and 1 and 3 Fifteenth Lane, Manufacturer of Mantels for Parlors, Offices and Private Buildings. nov6;12w

J. B. SNEAD
Has now in operation a new
SAW AND PLANING MILL
IN FREEDOM, PA.,
Having the latest improved machinery for the manufacture of
FLOORING
SIDING,
LATH, &C. &C.,
and is now prepared to attend to the building and repairing of
Steamboats, Barges, Flats, &c., &c.

Keeping constantly on hand a superior quality of Lumber. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. All orders promptly executed. [aug2-1y

WILLIAM MILLER, ------ JACOB TRAX,
PLANING MILL.
MILLER & TRAX,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
Dressed Lumber,
SASH, DOORS, SHUTTERS, SIDING, FLOORING, MOULDINGS, &c

Scroll Sawing and Turning
DONE TO ORDER,

ORDERS BY MAIL RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED, AND PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Mill Opposite the Railroad Station,
ROCHESTER, PENN'A.
apr19 '71:1y

Brighton Paper Mills,
BEAVER FALLS, PENN'A.

PRINTING,
MANILLA,
ROOFING, BAILING,
Hardware, Glass, Straw.
RAG AND CARPET
PAPERS.
MANUFACTURED
And Sold At
Wholesale & Retail by
Frazier, Metzger & Co.,
82 Third Avenue,
PITTSBURGH
Rags taken in exchange. [sep18'69

Boots and Shoes.

1872. Fall and Winter. 1872.

Boots, Shoes & Gaiters!

J. H. BORLAND,
Nos. 53 *and* 55 *Wood Street,*

Has just received one of the Largest, Best Selected and Cheapest Stocks, brought direct from the Manufactories for cash, before the recent advance in Leather, and will be sold at the lowest New York and Boston Prices. Philadelphia City Made Goods at Manufacturers' prices, thus saving freight and expense.

NEW GOODS RECEIVED DAILY.

Special inducements offered to Cash or Short Time Buyers. Eastern bills duplicated. All Orders from Country Merchants promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed. Call and examine my stock and prices, at

J. H. BORLAND'S,
53 & 55 Wood Street, [apr10-tf

SELECT MISCELLANY.

Bread and Cheese and Kisses.

BY AUTHOR OF "LADY ISABEL."

From Ballou's Weekly.

Jane, dear Jane!" Her name always came to him like a prayer, and with "Jane" on his lips and "Jane" in his thoughts, he fell asleep and dreamed of her. He dreamed that he and the others had escaped from their snow-prison, and that he was on his way home. Blue waters were beneath him; bright clouds were above him; a fresh breeze was behind him and the ship dipped into the sea and rose from it like a light-hearted god. The sailors were singing, and he sang with them as he lent a hand with the ropes. He looked across the sea and saw Jane standing on a far-off shore, with glad face turned toward him. "I am coming Jane!" he cried, and she smiled, and held out her arms to him. Nearer and nearer he approached to the haven of his hopes; nearer and nearer, until although they were divided by many miles of water, he could speak to her, and hear her speak.

"See!" he cried, and held out his bag of gold. As she raised her eyes with thankfulness to the heavens, David's wife and David's daughter appeared suddenly by his side. "Here are the friends who saved me, Jane," he cried. "David is below, asleep, and his wife is here, knowing your story and mine. She insists upon saying that you are her sister, she is a good woman. The shame of the past is gone." As he said these words, a sudden and terrible wind sprang up; and the dark clouds, rushing down from the heavens, shut Jane from his sight. In a moment everything was changed. The ship seemed as if it were being torn to pieces; the waters rose, and the cries of the sailors were indistinguishable amidst the roaring of the wind. "My God!" he heard David's wife cry; and at that moment he awoke, and, rising swiftly to his feet, saw a candle alight in the tent, and David's wife standing in her night-dress on his side of the green baize which divided the tent. Her face was white with terror. "My God!" she cried again; "we are lost!" The storm that had arisen in his dream was no fancy. It was raging now among the hills furiously.

"Go into your room," said Saul, hurriedly. "I will be dressed in a minute."

In less than that space of time he was up and dressed, and then David tore the green baize aside.

"Saul," he said, "this is terrible!" And stepping to Saul's side, whispered, "If this continues long, our grave is here."

Saul went to the door of his tent and tried to open it; he could not. The wind had brought with it thousands and thousands of tons of snow from the heights, and they were walled up. Saul felt all round the sides of the tent. The snow was mountain high. Only the frail cloth of which the tent was made kept it from falling in, and burying them. In a moment Saul comprehended their peril.

"The tree!" he cried, as if an inspiration had fallen upon him. "The tree!"

Just outside of the tent between it and the mountain of snow, and sheltered by the tents. Many a time had it been suggested to cut down this tree for firewood, but David had prevented it. "Wait," he had said, "until we want it; when the fire-wood runs short, and we can't get it elsewhere, it will be time enough." So the tree had been saved from the axe, and stood there like a giant, defying the storm. Saul piled up the rough seats and the tables which comprised the furniture of the tent, and, climbing to the top of them, cut a great hole in the roof of the tent. It was daylight above, and the snow was falling fast. Saul saw the noble tree standing fast and firm in the midst of the storm. With a desperate leap he caught a branch, and raised himself above the tent. And when he looked upon the awful scene, upon the cruel white snow in which the tents all around him were imbedded, and nearly buried, his heart throbbed despairingly.

But this was no time for despair. It was the time for action. When he had secured his position in the tree, he stooped over the tent.

"David!" he cried. David's voice answered him.

"This is our only chance," he said, loudly; he spoke slowly and distinctly, so that those within the tent might hear him. "Here we may be able to find safety until the storm abates and the snow subsides. Listen to me and do exactly as I say. Get some provisions together and some water; and the little brandy that is left. Make them up in a bundle. Tie rope and cord around it, and let me have it. Quickly!"

Before he finished speaking, David's wife was busy attending to his instructions.

"Answer me, Saul," cried David. "What do you see of our mates?"

Saul groaned. "Do not ask me David!" Let us thank God that this tree was left standing."

David climbed on to the table in a few minutes, with the bundle of provisions in his hands. He was lifting it for Saul to take hold of, when the pile upon which he was standing gave way, and he fell heavily to the ground.

At this moment a movement in the tent nearest to the tree arrested Saul's attention. One of the men inside had thought also of the tree, and had adopted Saul's expedient of cutting through the roof of the tent. His head now appeared above the tent. He saw Saul, but he was too far away to reach the tree.

"Give me a hand, mate!" he cried. "Give me a hand, for God's sake!"

"One moment," replied Saul, deeply anxious for the fate of David's digger groan, and heard David's wife sobbing. "Keep your hold and stand firm for a little while. You are safe there for a time. There is something here in my own tent I must see to at once." Then he called, "David! David! Are you hurt?"

The voice of David's wife answered him with sobs and cries. "He can't move, Saul! He can't move! Oh, my poor dear David! He has broken his leg, he says, and his back is hurt. What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

But although she ask this question, she—true wife and woman as she was—was attending to the sufferer, not thinking of herself.

"God pity us!" groaned Saul, and raised his hand to the storm. "Pity us! pity us!" he cried.

But the pitiless snow fell, and the soft flakes danced in the air.

Then Saul cried, "David's wife! The child! the child!"

"Let me be, wife's said David; "I am easier now. Pile up those seats again; make them firm. Don't hurry. I can wait. I am in no pain. Lift our little daughter to Saul, and the provisions afterward."

She obeyed him; she piled the seats one above another. Then brought the child to David. He took her in his arms, and kissed her again and again.

"My pet! my darling!" he moaned. "Kiss father, little one!"

And the rough man pressed this link of love to his heart, and kissed her face, her hands, her neck, her lips.

"Now, wife," he said, and resigned their child to her. David's wife stood silent for a few moments with the child in her arms, and murmured a prayer over her, and blessed her, and then, keeping down her awful grief bravely like a brave woman, climbed to the hight, and raised her arms to Saul with the child in them. On her bare arms could be seen above the tent's roof.

"Come, little one," said Saul, and stooping down, at the risk of his life, clutched the child from the mother's arms, and heard the mother's heart-broken sobs.

"Is she safe Saul?"

"She is safe, dear woman."

Other heads rose from other tents and turned despairingly about. But no help for them was near. They were in their grave.

David's wife raised the provisions to Saul, and went down to her husband.

"Wife," said David, "leave me, and see if you can reach Saul. It will be difficult, but you may be able to manage it."

She looked at him tenderly.

"My place is here, David, she said; "I shall stay with you, and trust to God. Our child is safe, in the care of a good man."

He tried to persuade her, but she shook her head sweetly and sadly, and simply said, "I know my duty." He could say no more, for the next moment he swooned, his pain was so great. Then his wife knelt by him, and raised his head upon her lap.

Meanwhile the man in the next tent who had called to Saul to give him a hand had not been idle. He found a plank, and was raising it to the roof, with the purpose of resting it upon the branch of the tree. As with more than a man's strength he lifted the plank forward, Saul heard a thud beneath him, and looking down, saw that the walls of the tent in which David and his wife were had given way, and that the snow was toppling over. He turned his head; he was powerless to help them. The tears ran down his face and beard, and he waited, awe-struck by the terror of the time. He thought he heard the voice of David's wife cry,

"Good-bye, my child! God preserve you!"

In a choking voice he said, solemnly, to David's little daughter.

"Say, God bless you, mother and father!"

The child repeated the words in a whisper, and nestled close to Saul and said,

"I'm so cold! Where's mother and father? Why don't they come up?"

Saul, with a shiver, looked down. Nothing of David or of David's wife did he see. The tent was not in sight. The snow had covered it. And still it fell, and still it drifted.

The digger who occupied the next tent had fixed his plank; not a moment was to be lost; his tent was cracking. Creeping along the plank with nervous strength of desperation, clinging to it like a cat, he reached the tree, and was saved for a time. As he reached it, the plank slipped into the snow. And still it fell, and rose higher and higher. Men signaled to each other from tent to tent, and bade God bless each other, for they felt that, unless the snow-drift should instantly cease, there was no hope for them. But still it fell; fell softly into the holes in the canvas, wrapped Jane and the children in soft shrouds of white, and hid the adventurers from the light of day.

Only three remained. Saul, and David's little daughter, in the uppermost branches of the tree. The digger from the nearest tent clinging to a lower branch.

This man was known by the name of Edward Beaver; a silent man at best, and one who could not win confidence readily. His face was covered with hair fast turning gray. Between him and Saul but little intercourse had taken place. Saul had not been attracted by Beaver's manner, although often when he looked at the man a strange impression came upon him that he knew the face. Saul spoke to Beaver once, and asked him where he came from; but Beaver answered him roughly, and Saul spoke to him no more. In this dread time, however, Beaver's tongue was loosened.

"This is awful!" he said, looking up at Saul.

Saul looked down upon the white face which was upturned to his, and the same strange impression of its being familiar to him stole upon him like a subtle vapor. An agonizing fear was expressed in Beaver's countenance; he was frightened to death. He was weak, too, having just come out of a low fever, and it needed all his strength to keep his footing on the tree.

"Do you think we shall die here?" he asked.

"I see no hope," replied Saul, pressing David's little daughter to his breast. The child had fallen to sleep. Saul's soul was too much troubled for converse, and the morning passed along in silence. Saul lowered some food and drink to Beaver. "I have very little brandy," he said; "but you shall share and share." And when Beaver begged for more, he said, "No, not yet; I must husband it. Remember, I have another life here in my arms to care for."

The day advanced, and the storm continued; not a trace of the tents, or of those who lay buried in them, had made a church-yard of the golden gully!

Night fell, and brought darkness with it; and in the darkness Saul shuddered, with a new and sudden fear, for he felt something creeping up the tree, like an awful shadow.

"Saul Fielding," it said, "my time has come. The branches are giving way, and I am too weak to hold on."

"God help you, Edward Beaver," said Saul, pityingly.

And David's little daughter murmured in her sleep, "What's that, mother?" Saul hushed her by singing in a soft tender voice a nursery rhyme, and the child smiled in the dark, and her arms tightened round Saul's neck. It was a good thing for them that they were together, the warmth of their bodies was a comfort, and in some measure a safeguard to them.

When Saul's soft singing was over, he heard Beaver, sobbing beneath him. "I used to sing that once," he man sobbed, in weak tones, "to my little daughter."

"Where is she now!" asked Saul, thinking of those he loved at home.

"Bessie! Bessie!" cried Beaver, faintly. "Where are you? Oh my God, if I could live my life over again!"

Saul thought of George's Bessie as he asked, "Where do you come from? What part do you belong to?"

It was a long time before he received an answer, and then the words crept up to him, faint and low, through the darkness, as though the speaker's strength were waning fast.

"From London—from Westminster."

"From Westminster!" echoed Saul, and Beaver's face appeared to his imagination.

"I must tell you," gasp the dying man; "I must tell you before I die. You may be saved, and you will take my message home."

"I will, if I am spared," replied Saul, in a voice which had no hope in it.

"I have been a bad son and a bad father. My name is not Beaver, it is Sparrow, and my father, if he is alive, lives in Westminster."

"Old Ben Sparrow, the grocer!" I saw him a few weeks before last Christmas. You are Bessie Sparrow's father; I thought your face was familiar to me."

"Bad—sont bad father!" muttered the man. "Oh my God! the tree is sinking! the branch is giving way. Tell me, quickly, for mercy's sake! My daughter—Bessie—she is alive, then? Tell me of her."

"She was well when I saw her," replied Saul, with a groan, thinking of George and his lost hopes. "She has grown into a beautiful woman."

"Thank God! If you ever see her again, tell her of me—ask my father to forgive me. Take the love of a dying man to them. I have gold about me—it is theirs. Say that I intended to come home and ask forgiveness, but it has been denied me. God has punished me; I am sinking!"

A cry of agony followed, and the wind took it up and carried it over the hills. Then all was hushed, and the erring son and father spoke no more.

Saul offered up a prayer for Bessie's father, and waited sadly for *his* time to come.

As the night waned, the fierce wind grew softer, and sighed and moaned, repentant of the desolation it had caused. What a long, long night it was! But at length the morning's light appeared, and they Saw it looking down saw that he and David's little daughter were the only ones left. Stronger grew the light, until day had fairly dawned. As Saul looked over the white expanse, he felt that there was no hope for him, and his mind began to wander. Long for

The Beaver Argus.

J. WEYAND, ... Editor.

Beaver, Pa., January 22, 1873.

THE bill raising the Governor's salary from $5,000 to $10,000 per year was passed by the Legislature last week, and signed by the Governor.

THOMAS ROBINSON, esq., of the Butler *Eagle*, has been given a clerkship in the House at Harrisburg. The *Citizen* of Butler, is not particularly pleased with his appointment, and says some rather hard things about Messers. McKee and Waldron—the Representatives for that county—touching the matter, among others that they gave the place to Mr. R., in preference to a "one armed soldier."

CONGRESS has done little or nothing worthy of note within the past week, if we except the investigation of the Credit Mobilier scandal. The facts thus far developed in that disgraceful business implicate some ten or fifteen Congressmen, besides two or three Senators, and we regret to say, that Vice President Colfax's skirts are not as clean as we could desire. What makes the matter so much worse is the fact that nearly every Congressman who is now proven to have owned Mobilier stock at one time or another, denied, point blank last fall, that he ever had any interest in that organization or knew anything about its operations.

THE effort made by the "Specks" ring in Beaver Falls on Tuesday of last week, to defeat Messrs. John R. Eakin, M. Metzgar and one or two others—the first one named for School director and the latter for Council, proved a failure. These gentlemen, and their associates on the ticket, without a single exception, were all elected by handsome majorities, in spite of the miserable faction who have heretofore boasted that they carried the votes of that town in their "breeches pockets." The result shows that they were not trudging along with as much of it in their clothes as they supposed.

IF the evidence in the Kansas United States Senatorial case, now being taken by a committee of the Senate formed for that purpose, can be relied upon, Caldwell ought to be expelled from the United States Senate forthwith. That his election to that honorable body was procured corruptly, is clearly shown in the testimony above referred to. $15,000 is shown to have been given to an aspirant named Carney, for the same position, and $7,000 more was divided among members of the Legislature for their votes. Caldwell should be sent home, and Kansas ordered to make a new deal. After that is done a committee should be formed to investigate the manner of Patterson's election in South Carolinia.

GENERAL Harry White seems to have more "cheek" than any other person in Pennsylvania. He is a member of the State Senate, and also a member of the Constitutional Convention. Both bodies are in session at the present time—one at Harrisburg, the other at Philadelphia; would be at the Quaker city, for if he has honored the Convention yet with his presence, the fact has not been recorded by the newspapers. Perhaps, however, after he gets everything "set up" to his liking at the Capital, he may go down to Philadelphia and give the Constitutional machine a turn or two just for variety. Of course he will draw his salary from both bodies, and whoever protests against operations of this character is "not a good party man."

H. BUCIFER SWOOPE, esq., and a few other politicians of Pittsburgh are about to start a new evening paper in that city to be called the *Telegraph*. The objective point of the movement is said to be the complete annihilation of the two afternoon papers already established there, viz., the *Chronicle and the Leader*. We suspect that Mr. Swoope and his associates will learn after awhile that their undertaking is no child's play, and we suspect again, that Col. Quay, ex-editor of the *Radical*, could tell them so now, if he was interrogated on that point. He embarked in a similar enterprise in this county four years ago. When he started his paper, only three months of life was allotted to the ARGUS; subsequently the time was extended to one year. Still the ARGUS refused to die, and after four years of persistent effort, and the expenditure of nearly a mint of money, the gallant Col. seeing this paper as vigorous as ever, withdrew from the field and turned his weapons of warfare over into other hands. He will hardly go into the breaking-down-newspaper business again. What was his experience in that line, we believe will be Mr. Swoope's.

The anti-Beaver Falls against the liquor traffic in those towns indicates unmistakably the will of the people of the whole county on that question. In one of the places named the whisky interest had a strong and seemingly secure hold. If there was a locality anywhere in the county where that interest had reason to take pride in its strength, and felt like laughing at the efforts of its assailants, that locality was Beaver Falls. Yet right there, when the issue was fairly made up, and the opposing forces were brought face to face in a trial of strength, the reformers carried the field by a large majority. In New Brighton the majority against license was much heavier, but in that borough the opposition was far less formidable. In fact little or no effort was made there to resist the prohibition tide.

From these results the friends of no license take great courage, and if any of them doubted a month ago the success of the prohibitory movement, these doubts are now removed, and a sweeping victory in the county is confidently looked for at the March elections.

As the temperance question is the absorbing one in this county at the present time, and as its voters will soon be called upon to decide in favor of license or against the traffic in liquors, we submit a few facts gathered from authentic sources. The closing of saloons on Sunday in Chicago has resulted just as a similar embargo on the sale of liquor did in New York, viz., reduced the number of arrests nearly one-half. From August 11 to October 20, 1872, when the saloons were open, there were arrested on Sundays, 103 persons for drunkenness; 402 for being both drunk and disorderly; and for disorder 727, a total of 1,532. From October 20 to December 20, the saloons were shut on Sundays, and the total number of arrests fell to 833. Of these 285 were for drunkenness, 203 for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, and 345 for simple disorder. This diminution was effected, though in some parts of the city the law was not thoroughly enforced. During the period that the saloons were open there were several murders and murderous assaults, while during the time that the saloons were shut only one murder has occurred. Such facts and figures speak for themselves.

TUESDAY morning's papers inform us that at the session of the legislature on the preceeding evening tellers were appointed and nominations made for United State Senator.

In the Senate Mr. Graham nominated Cameron; Latta, W. A. Wallace, Dailey, Henry M. Phillips, of Philadelphia; Brockway, Hendrick B. Wright, and Josephs, Samuel J. Randall.

We are furnished with the additional information that Mr. Quay will be Hartranft's Secretary of the Commonwealth, and that either Dimmick or Armstrong will be his Attorney General.

A MAN named Richardson, living at a small town in the State of New York, has settled a little difficulty in his household, with a degree of ability and coolness which might be advantageously practised by all husbands so situated. It appears that his domestic peace was invaded by a sea captain named Burger. Mr. Richardson discovered the fact, but instead of shooting Burger, or railing at Mrs. Richardson, he quietly gave the latter a portion of the household property, also making an equal dividend of their children, and directed her to go in peace. Then he proceeded to take a social drink with Burger. The people of the village when they heard of the scandal assembled in expectation of witnessing bloodshed, but saw instead sin so severely lashed by scorn that they must have drawn a wholesome moral from the affair. Richardson's plan of solving domestic difficulties is widely approved, and commended much above the ordinary practice of shooting the offending parties.—*Pitts. Dispatch.*

THE down-street Prof. is supposed to have wrestled vigorously for a whole night last week with an article he found in the ARGUS of the 15th. By daylight he came to the conclusion that we had stolen it from the Pittsburgh *Mail*. Now if the Prof. can only be induced to take another tussle with that same article we will venture the opinion that he will see that neither the *Mail* nor the ARGUS claimed to have made the "point" about Senator Rutan's ignorance of public opinion touching the telegraphic movement; but on the contrary, both distinctly accorded its author credit for originality in the matter, and the only one it claimed to have made, was that "it is coming to be pretty generally understood that there is a huge snake in this effort to prevent the Government from taking charge of the telegraphic business of the country. Its complexion is not, however, understood by the uninitiated. Senator Rutan is believed to know all about its color, length, and capacity to yield." This "point," the Prof. was too dishonest to quote, and his delinquency in that particular serves to illustrate that when he stepped into the office of editor of the *Radical* he left his honor and truthfulness outside.

THE Pittsburgh *Gazette* is beginning to realize that matters at Harrisburg are not as lovely as they might be, and utters this note of warning:

> The Beaver *Radical*, mentions a rumor that Mr. Robert W. Mackey will be a candidate for State Senator, to succeed Hon. James L. Graham. We have the same authority for a statement that the election of State Treasurer will be fixed for next spring, so that the officer chosen may enter upon his duties at the commencement of the regular term in May or June. This would be exceedingly proper, but we doubt very much if it will be done. It is more likely, in view of the recent events at Harrisburg, that the term of the State Treasurer will be extended to another year, and an election ordered for next fall. It is even hinted that an effort will be made to prolong the term by legislative enactment for two years, and thus enable the present occupant of the place to handle the "unexpended balance" for three consecutive years without an election, other than that by the Legislature at the session of 1872. We do not think a proposition of this character, so manifestly unjust and inconsistent with the spirit that prompted the adoption of the Constitutional amendment last fall, in regard to the election of State Treasurer by the people, can be successfully carried through the Legislature, without the application of the whip and spur of the party managers, in the most outrageously offensive manner. It will be a dangerous thing to attempt. The argument in favor of the Governor and Auditor General transpires in 1874, the election of State Treasurer should be postponed until that time; a very feeble pretext. But even if this project should carry in the Legislature, it seems to us there is a very easy way for the Constitutional Convention to upset it, especially as the delegates will not be disposed to permit smart operations in the Legislature to interfere with the work of reform they are pledged to carry out. At any rate, we don't think the "unexpended balance" will be the chief attraction of the State Treasurer's office after or possibly during the year of grace 1874.

—A newspaper in Iowa city gives rather a discouraging account of what the farmers in those "diggings" are doing, or rather not doing. Here is the price current: A pair of winter boots costs two loads of potatoes; a night's lodging, a load of oats; the wife wears five acres of wheat, the children each ten acres of corn; the price of an overcoat is a good four-year-old steer; of a Sunday suit, twenty fat hogs. The farm, too, wears a mortgage that is worse than hard-pan in the soil, and the annual tax rots the roof faster than rain.

—It is stated that the people of Maine are highly delighted with the result of their efforts to attract Swedish emigrants to that State by affording aid to them on their arrival, and until they are able to get a return for their labor, when the assistance rendered them is repaid by labor or works of public improvement. There are now 31,300 Swedish settlers within the borders of the State who have paid their own passage to this country, and brought hither $60,000 in money. In the colony of New Sweden, situated in the thinly settled northern portion of the State, there are now one hundred good houses and eighty-eight barns.

HERE AND THERE.

—A Philadelphia belle (did anybody ever hear of a Philadelphia girl who was not a belle?) worth $40,000 is to make Mosby, of Guerilla fame, happy by becoming Mrs. Mosby.

—A sewing circle was quickly broken up at Gardiner, Me., the other day by the innocent remark of a lady present: "I always had a great desire to know how a case of smallpox looked, so I called on a sick lady this afternoon just before coming to the circle."

—A dispatch from Bombay says that a report has reached that city that a terrible earthquake occured at Soonghur, a town in India; in a detached district of the Barada dominions, one hundred and fourteen miles north of Bombay. Fifteen hundred persons are said to have been killed in one town alone. Nothing has been heard from the surrounding country, but it is feared that there is much additional loss of life

—A farmer in Kentucky recently made a bet that he could husk eighty bushels of corn a day, but before he finished the job he ascertained that the man with whom he had made the bet was making arrangements to elope with his wife. He abandoned the job, lost the bet, but frustrated the designs of the couple to their amazement.

—Miss Lizzie Duffer, Miss Alice Hagey, and Miss Kate January, at the Murfreesboro, Tenn., Agricultural Fair, did contend for preeminence in the high art of cookery, the prize being a fine cooking-stove. Each young woman came at the appointed time, provided with provisions of her own selection, and in turn took charge of the cook-room. Miss January was the winner; and if it would be an object to any young fellow contemplating matrimony, she has, at least, a nice stove with which to start the housekeeping.

—Pittsburgh has got the oldest woman, for a fact, but she will not survive long, as her death is momentarily expected. She resides on the south side and is the oldest person, probably, now living in the State and perhaps in the United States. Her name is Olivia Linn, and she is 117 years and four months old. Her maiden name was Davis, and she was born at Branchville Virginia. She has lived at Brownsville and other places in this State for forty years, and for the past two years with her daughter on the south side. She married when quite young and is the mother of eight children, the youngest of whom is now sixty-six years of age.

Later—Mrs Linn died on last Thursday.

—The revival of a letter written by Daniel Webster when he was Secretary of State, in 1841, to Thomas Ewing, then Secretary of the Treasury, is timely, bearing, as it does, upon the pernicious interference, now grown so fashionable, of federal office holders in State elections. The letter was as follows:

> The President is of opinion that it is a great abuse to bring the patronage of the General Government into conflict with the freedom of elections, and that this abuse ought to be corrected wherever it may have been permitted to exist, and to be prevented for the future.
>
> He therefore directs that information [illegible] interference in popular elections, whether of State officers or officers of the government, and for whomsoever, or against whomsoever it may be exercised, or the payment of any contribution or assessment on salaries or official compensation for party or election purposes will be regarded by him as a cause of removal.

—*Now look out for stories of fat hogs!* Granby, Conn., claims to have produced one which weighed, when dressed, 700 pounds. When this noble animal was doomed to die, farmers from far and near came flocking to the execution, and a guessing-box was established at ten cents per guess on the probable weight. When all was over, the guesser who had come nearest to the mark pocketed sixteen dollars. Again we read of great excitement about a pair of astonishingly ponderous swine killed last week in Hightstown, N. J. They weighed 1,355 pounds after slaughtering; but, singular to relate, they weighed less by 62 pounds the morning after they were killed. There were bets pending; and subsequently it was discovered that a 500-pound weight which had been used in the first weighing had been drilled so that it added 40 pounds more to the weight of the animals. Bets to the extent of $3,000 were pending, and the discovery of the fraud occasioned a lively time in that neighborhood. In cases in which the bets had been paid, suits have been brought to recover the money; there has been a great deal of swearing, and, on the whole, we think that betting on hogs is hardly a profitable or highly moral business.

Banks and Banking.

The Chicago *Times* holds the following views on currency and banking:

> A Washington telegram says that the House Committee on Currency and Banking may without the authority to issue circulating notes." This means, probably, that the committee have agreed on a bill extending all the privileges of the existing banking law; except the privilege of issuing circulation, to all who may wish to avail themselves thereof. This is a step in the right direction. If banking privileges are to be granted by the general government at all, there is no reason why they should not be granted equally to all. There is no propriety or justice in creating and maintaining a banking monopoly, any more than there is justice or propriety in creating and maintaining a railroad monopoly or a hotel monopoly. The banking and currency committee seem to perceive, however, that it will not do to extend the privilege of issuing circulation to all who may desire it. They seem to perceive that if banking were to be made free in this respect, there would be great danger of extreme inflation, with all its attendant evils. But if they can perceive this, why can they not perceive that the currency privilege is one which ought not to be granted at all? The government ought to grant no favors which cannot be granted equally to all who may desire them. Government ought not to create and foster monopolies of any kind. It ought not to say to the public, "You may enjoy all the privileges conferred by the banking law, except one, and that the most valuable one; that one must be reserved for the exclusive benefit of those who now enjoy it." *Its* privilege cannot be freely extended without detriment to the public interests, as it clearly cannot be in the matter of issuing circulating notes; then it ought to be withheld entirely. But our law-givers don't believe in shaping legislation in accordance with principles, and therefore they will see no impropriety in making banking free, except in so far as they prefer to have it remain a monopoly.

The last of John Brown's Men.

Osborne P. Anderson died at Washington week before last in his forty-fourth year. He was the son of Vincent Anderson, and was born in Sadsbury township, Chester county. Afterwards his father moved to West Chester, where he still lives. A colored blacksmith named Shadd, emigrated with his family into Canada, where the distinctions of color were not recognized. Osborne accompanied them. He learned the printing business there and acquired quite a fair education. Here he met John Brown, who induced him to join in the crusade which was to liberate the slaves of the South. At the head of this little army of seventeen white and five colored men, John Brown marched into Virginia and captured the United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, on Sunday, October 17, 1859. On Monday morning, Anderson with five others were sent out to stir up the slave of the neighborhood. By evening the Virginia militia had arrived at the town in large numbers, completely investigating the arsenal. There had been fighting going on all the afternoon, and only eight of the seventeen men inside were left unharmed. Unable to rejoin their comrades, Albert Hazlett, a white man, and Anderson crossed the Potomac in the evening to the Maryland side and, the *Republican* says, proceeded to the Kennedy farm—their rendezvous before the fight. Finding none of their companions there they marched on over the mountains until about two o'clock, when they laid down and slept until daylight. That day they were still in sight of the Ferry, but being separated from their companions they concluded to make their way to Pennsylvania. For forty-eight hours without food, they then gathered some corn from a field and carrying it into the mountains—their only place of safety—built fires and roasted it. In this manner, skulking about the mountains, they reached the vicinity of Chambersburg. There Hazlett, worn out and reduced could go no further. He urged Anderson to leave him; that he would rest until morning, then throw away his gun and blanket and take the stage for Chambersburg. There they separated, and Anderson reached Chambersburg about two o'clock in the morning. Here he took shelter at the house of a friend, and while eating a hasty meal, a U. S. Marshall knocked at the front door and Anderson stepped out at the back one. He overheard the warrent for the arrest of his friend on suspicion of harboring him, and waited no longer, and took to the fields again. Hazlett entered Chambersburg the next morning, and was soon after arrested and placed in custody of the Virginia authorities, and by them, after the trial, executed. Anderson made his way from Chambersburg to York, where a good Samaritan gave oil, wine and raiment. From York he made his way to a station on the Pennsylvania railroad and then took the train at night for Philadelphia, where he remained a short time among his friends and then proceeded to Canada. Canada afforded a secure asylum and there he remained until the slaveholder's rebellion commenced, never visiting the United States but once, to assist in erecting a monument to his brave commander, John Brown. After the war broke out he returned to the United States and lectured at various points in the country. For a year or two he has held a position at Washington. He was a large athletic man, but the hardships and exposures suffered during his escape from Harper's Ferry shattered his constitution, and he died at last a victim of consumption. His remains were deposited in a vault at Washington, and will be removed to West Chester for final interment as soon as suitable arrangements can be made. The deceased was the last of the little band who bondsmen in the South.—*Chambersburgh Repository, Jan. 8.*

☞ The following paragraph from the N. Y. *Commercial* expresses a very general sentiment:

> "The woman of most general interest in the world to-day is the widow of the dead man of Chiselhurst. All hearts are turned to her, and our sympathies give providence of that universal esteem which has survived the wreck of those imperial splendors which fitly complimented the charms of her person and character. Above the grave of her husband the warefare of public opinion will go on forever, but for the sorrowing Eugenie the world feels only the tenderest pity and the most profound respect."

Cameron's Re-Election and its Moral.

The re-election of Simon Cameron to the United States senate will surprise no body; indeed, everybody at all familiar with the situation would have been very much surprised had the result been different. Yet that result, if not a character to "adorn a tale," certainly points a moral which is worthy of brief consideration.

While conceding to Mr. Cameron proper credit for his indomitable energy and unquestioned talent for political manipulation, we may be pardoned for failing to discover in his intellectual and moral composition those qualities which should belong to a member of the upper branch of the national legislature. He makes no pretentions to either statesmanship or scholarship, to say nothing of the minor accomplishments which lend grace and dignity to high office. His ambition is insatiable, and in the gratification thereof he is, and always has been one of the boldest and most unscrupulous men that has ever figured in American politics. His own party fear more than they trust him, and are obliged to endure a dictation which they despise but cannot get rid of. His dismissal from the cabinet of President Lincoln received the hearty approval of [illegible] and the former no less than the latter would have hailed his permanent retirement to private life as a blessing to the country. He has probably done more to corrupt the political atmosphere of the state to which he belongs than any other individual, living or dead—yet that state sends him back to the senate for six years longer. To suppose that Pennsylvania has no better material for senator than Simon Cameron is an insult to the intelligence of a highly respectable commonwealth. How then, can we explain his sweeping victory?

The explanation is as easy as it is significant and disgraceful. The trickery and corruption which ought to have secured his defeat at precisely the elements which have annihilated opposition and smoothed his path to the senatorial chair. Through his money and management he has literally put Pennsylvania in his breeches pocket, and uses its legislature as a pliant tool for the execution of his purpose. He is almost as much the recognized master of that body as was Louis XIV. of the French assembly, when riding whip in hand he confronted the aristocracy of the kingdom and exclaimed, "I am the state!"

But let not the whole blame rest upon Cameron. He is after all, nothing more than the legitimate growth of the illegitimate system which, to a greater or less extent, prevails throughout the republic. It may be an old fassioned idea, but nevertheless we have always thought that the position of United States senator should be lifted as far as practicable from the muddy pools of partisan strife, and awarded to him who seeks it the least and deserves it the most. It is right and proper that candidates for the lower house of congress should present themselves and their claims before the populace, and employ all honorable means to gain the popular verdict in their favor. They are the tribunes of the people, and may therefore appeal directly to the people for indorsement. But a senator stands on a more elevated plane. He is not the representative of a small fraction of the population, nor does he owe his election directly to the masses. He represents the state at large. He is a member of that body which represents the consolidated power of all the states—a body where Rhode Island and New York are on a common level of equality, and where wisdom, patriotism and impartial justice are expected to override all meaner considerations. The man who stoops to intrigue for the senatorship, and brings into play the low arts of the practised demagogue, proves himself at the outset entirely unfit for the place to which he aspires; he shows himself wholly destitute of any correct comprehension of the dignity and duties of that place, and drags in the mire what should be kept unpolluted and unsoiled. When one man, like Cameron, seizes senatorial honors as though they were his personal property; or when a dozen men, like those at Jefferson city, join in a rough and tumble fight for these honors, it is a spectacle which cannot be contemplated without mingled disgust and apprehension. It is no wonder that the senate is rapidly deteriorating. The methods by which it is recruited carry with them their own ineradicable poison, and sow the seeds of incvitable decay.—*St. Louis Republican.*

THE HOUSE OF BONAPARTE.

Living Members of the Family.

The living members of the Bonaparte family are Prince Napoleon (Plon-Plon), who married Princess Clothilde, daughter of the King of Italy. He constituted himself a sort of breakwater between the despotism of his cousin the Emperor and the liberalism of the party of progress. He lived in fine style in the Palais Royal until the Napoleonic fabric broke down. He is now among the dismounted cavalry of the empire and passes his time in contemplating the beauties of Lake Leman.

Prince Piere Bonaparte, who murdered Victor Noir and was acquitted of the crime; was born at Rome on the 11th of October, 1815. He was the son of Lucien Bonaparte by his second wife. At the age of sixteen he took part in the Tuscan insurrection, was arrested, and shut up for six months in the citadel of Leghorn. On being set free he proceeded to the United States, as the doors of the church were closed against him. In January, 1832, he arrived in New York in a Yankee commercial brig, and went up to Breeze Point, on the Delaware, where his uncle Joseph was living. From that he turned to New Grenada; where a struggle for independence was going on, and Santander being his uncle's friend, he received the commission of *chef d'escaaron*. In 1833 he returned to Europe and was permitted by the Pope to settle at Canino, in the Maremma. After many infamous scrapes he finally pulled up in Paris with an intense loyalty for the Napoleonic regime. In a cowardly way he shot a promising young Frenchman, Victor Noir, and after being acquitted of the offense left France. He is now reported to be in Corsica.

Cardinal Lucien Bonaparte, of the Order of Priests of the Sacred College of the Vatican, in which he stands twenty-eighth on the list, was born in Rome 15th of November, 1828. He was nominated Cardinal 13th March, 1868. He is one of the private secretaries to Pope Pius the Ninth. He is a man of finished education, extremely taciturn, and has the reputation of being a consummate diplomatist.

Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, born January 4 ,1813, was Senator with the title of Imperial Highness.

Prince Antonio Bonaparte, born 21st October, 1816, bears the title of Princess Alexandrine Marie, born October 12, 1818, married to Count Vincent Valentini de Canino.

Princess Constance, born January 20, 1822, became Abbess of the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Rome.

Princess Julie-Charlotte-Zenaide-Pauline-Lettia Desiree-Bartholomee, born June 9, 1830; married August 30, 1847, to Alexandre Del Gallo, Marquis de Roccagiovine.

Princess Charlotte Honorine Josephine, born March 4, 1832; married October 4, 1848, to Prince Pierre, Count of Primoli.

Princess Marie-Desiree-Eugenie-Josephine-Philomene, born March 18, 1835, married March 2, 1851, to Paul, Count de Campello.

Prince Napoleon-Charles-Gregoire-Jacques-Phillippe, born February 5, 1836; President of the General Council of Corsica, Chief of the Battalion of Infantry in the service of France, Ordinance Officer under the Emperor, married November 25, 1856, to the Princess Marie Christine, born July 25, 1842, daughter of Jean Nepomuncene, Prince of Ruspoli and of Cavaterra and of Basarp, Princess of Masimo and d' Arsoli.

Princess Mathilde Letitia Weihelmine, born May 27, 1820; married October 21, 1841, to Annatole Demidoff, Prince of San Donato; became widow May 18, 1870. She is now residing in England, like a good many more of the family.

EXECUTIVE ORDER.

Concerning Persons Holding Federal and State or Municipal Offices—To Take Effect March 1st.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 17, 1873.

By the President of the United States:

EXECUTIVE ORDER.

WHEREAS, it has been brought to the notice of the President of the United States that many persons holding civil office by appointment from him, or otherwise, under the Constitution and laws of the United States, while holding Federal positions accept offices under the authority of the States and Territories in which they reside, or of municipal corporations under the charters and ordinances of such corporations, thereby assuming duties of State, Territorial or municipal offices, at the same time they are charged with the duties of civil office held under Federal authority.

AND WHEREAS, It is believed that with few exceptions the holding of two such offices by the same person is incompatible with the due and faithful discharge of the duties of either office, that it frequently gives rise to great inconvenience, and often results to its detriment to the public service, and moreover is not in harmony with the genius of the government. In view of the premises, therefore, the President has deemed it proper thus and hereby to give public notice that from and after the 4th day of March, A. D, 1873 except as herein specified, persons holding any Federal civil office by appointment under the Constitution and laws of the United States, will not be expected, while holding such office, to accept office under any State or Territorial government, or under the charter or ordinances of any municipal corporations; and further that the acceptance or continued holding of any such State, Territorial or municipal office, whether elective or by appointment, by any person holding civil office as aforesaid under the government of the United States other than judicial offices under the Constitution of the United States, will be deemed a vacation of the Federal office held by such person, and will be taken to be and will be treated as a resignation by such Federal officer of his commission or appointment in the service of the United States.

The office of justices of the peace, of notaries public and commissioners to take acknowledgement of deeds, of bail, or to administer oaths, shall not be deemed within the purview of this order, and are excepted from its operation, and may be held by Federal officers. The appointment of Deputy Marshal of the United States may be conferred upon sheriffs and deputy sheriffs; and deputy postmasters, the emoluments of whose office do not exceed $500 per annum, are also excepted from the operations of this order, and may accept and hold appointments under State, Territorial or municipal authority, provided the same be found not to interfere with the discharge of their duties as postmasters.

Heads of departments and other officers of the government who have the appointment of subordinate officers, are required to take notice of this order and to see to the enforcement of its provisions and terms within the sphere of their respective departments or offices, and as relates to the several persons holding appointments under them.

Respectfully.

By order of the President.

HAMILTON FISH,

Secretary of State, Washington.

A Bold Swindle.

A few weeks ago a plausible fellow came into this county giving the name of C. W. Stallman, and representing himself as an agent of a company in Toledo engaged in the manufacture of an "Adjustable Double Improved Cutter Bar for Mowing Machines." He told a very creditable story, and succeeded in getting several residents of this and Guernsey county to consent to act as agents in their respective localities, taking a blank note for a sample of the cutter bar which he would send them by express, assuring them in a bland and engaging manner that it would not be more than a dollar or two. The sequel to this rare swindling operation, because so plain, is a number of notes held by a man named Davis, residing in Cambridge, to whom the rascal sold them. The following is the list of victims, and the amount of the notes to which their names are attached: W. B. Connor, Brookfield township, $225; Silas McLaughlin, Seneca, $140; Levi Lurick; Buffalo, $240; M. McCleary, Noble, $180; Alfred Hamilton, Brookfield, $190; T. J. Walters, $90; George Booher, $190; M. Trott, $190; Thomas Stewart, $155; R. Fulton, $220; James Gibson, $210; Wm. Brown, $91 John Jennings, $121. The notes being negotiable ones, it is altogether likely that if payment is refused they will be collected by law. For the benefit of the parties, we will state that there is no manufactory of that kind in Toledo, and no street in the city named Lake, on which the manufactory was purported to be located.—*Noble County Republican.*

The above parties or persons similarly engaged, visited this county about a year ago, and "went through" quite a number of our home friends. When will men learn wisdom enough to keep strangers at a respectable distance.

The Credit Mobilier Investigation.

The action of the House of Representatives in respect to opening the doors of the Committee on the Credit Mobilier bribery is looked forward to with a very keen interest. Nobody, whether Republican or Democrat, pooh-poohs this story any longer. All believe in the fact of extensive and systematic corruption. The investigation is far from being concluded, and it is said that witnesses are ready to swear to matters that will make Mr. James Brooks very uncomfortable. It is remarked by some shrewd observers at the National Capital that it is a riddle to speak of investigating a Credit Mobilier bribery when there are at least seventy members of Congress largely interested in National banks who vote on all questions affecting their interests, and keep up the National Bank system. Similar remarks are made in reference to the railroad measures, the District Ring job, and other bills having money in them.

Public Sale.

Valuable Property for Sale.

Will be offered at public sale on Tuesday THE 11th DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1873, at the hour of 1 o'clock, on the premises, situate in the borough of Frankfort Springs, Beaver county, the following property, consisting of about nine acres of land, on which is erected a two-story brick house, 40 by 26 feet, and a kitchen in the rear, with a cellar underneath the main building, also a good frame stable and carriage house. There are a number of fruit trees on the property. The land is of an excellent quality, and the building and two lots fronting on the Main street, near the centre of the village, are well situated for any kind of business. The above property belonging to the estate of JOHN HICE, deceased, will be sold all together or in separate lots to suit purchasers.

TERMS made known on day of sale

W. H. FRAZER, Ex'r.

Frankfort Springs, Pa. jan 11 3w

Report of the condition of the National Bank of Beaver County, New Brighton, Pa., at the close of business on the twenty-seventh day of December, 1872:

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts	$196,295 12
Overdrafts	98 10
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	120,000 00
U. S. Bonds and securities on hand	15,000 00
Due from National Banks	3,196 86
Due from State Banks and Bankers	1,098 76
Banking House	14,571 54
Furniture and Fixtures	2,776 18
Current expenses	2,288 63
Premiums	173 51
Cash Items—Stamps	1,425 21
Bills of other National Banks	6,296 00
Fractional Currency (including Nickels)	79 39
Specie	3,250 80
Legal Tender Notes	18,199 00
	$386,546 79

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	$200,000 00
Surplus Fund	22,881 36
Discount	5,529 31
Exchange	3,266 67
Interest	1,886 79
Profit and Loss	340 21
National Bank Circulation outstanding	106,384 00
State Bank Circulation outstanding	1,987 84
Individual Deposits	38,920 82
Due to National Banks	2,615 76
Due to State Banks and Bankers	3,429 29
	$386,546,79

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, } ss.
COUNTY OF BEAVER. }

I, Edward Hoops, Cashier of the National Bank of Beaver county, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief. EDWARD HOOPS, Cashier

Subscribed before me this 6th day of January 1873.

MILTON TOWNSEND, Notary Public

Correct: Attest— BENJ WILDE, R. E. HOOPS, R. B. EDGAR, Directors

jan15;3w.]

M. SCHIFF

Dry-Goods at auction prices for sixty days only! M. Schiff, New-Brighton, is determined to close out his entire Stock of Dry-Goods regardless of cost, in as short a time as possible, as M. SCHIFF intends to devote all his attention in the future to the

Manufacturer of Woolen and Cotton Hosiery.

Those who want bargains are respectfully invited to call at once, and they will have a chance to make their selection out of a Well Selected Stock.

oct16-3m.

New Advertisements.

WISHART'S PINE TREE.

Tar Cordial,

NATURE'S GREAT REMEDY

FOR THE

THROAT and LUNGS.

It is gratifying to us to inform the public that Dr. L. Q. C. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial, for Throat and Lung Disease, has gained an enviable reputation from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and from thence to some of the first families of Europe, not through the press alone, but by persons throughout the State actually benefitted and cured at his office. While he publishes less, so say our reporters, he is unable to supply the demand. It gains and holds its reputation—

First. Not by stopping cough, but by loosening and assisting nature to throw off the unhealthy matter collected about the throat and bronchial tubes, which causes irritation.

Second. It removes the cause of irritation (which produces cough) of the mucous membrane and bronchial tubes, assists the lungs to act and throw off the unhealthy secretions, and purifies the blood.

Third. It is free from squills, lobelia, ipecac and opium, of which most throat and lung remedies are composed, which allay cough only, and disorganize the stomach. It has a soothing effect on the stomach, acts on the liver and kidneys, and lymphatic and nervous regions, thus reaching to every part of the system, and in its invigorating and purifying effects it has gained a reputation which it must hold above all others in the market.

NOTICE.

The Pine Tree Tar Cordial,

Great American Dyspersia Pills,

AND

Worm Sugar Drops

Being under my immediate direction, they shall not lose their curative qualities by the use of cheap and impure articles.

HENRY R. WISHART,

PROPRIETOR.

FREE OF CHARGE.

Dr. L. Q. C. Wishart's Office Parlors are open on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays from 8 a. m., to 5 p. m., for consultation by Dr. Wm T. Magee. With him are associated two consulting physicians of acknowledged ability. This opportunity is not offered by any other institution in the city.

All letters must be addressed to

L. Q. C. WISHART, M. D.,

No. 232 N. SECOND ST.,

PHILADELPHIA.

A. W. ERWIN & CO.,

IMPORTERS

Jobbers

AND

RETAILERS

—OF—

DRY-GOODS,

JOB LOTS

FROM

EASTERN

AUCTION

SALES

Nos. 172 and 174,

Federal Street,

Allegheny

CITY.

pecis-1y

B 5 B

SPECIALTIES

—AT—

128 FEDERAL Street,

SILK CLOAKING VELVETS,

DoubleCape&DolmanCloaks

FROM $10 TO $40.

OTTOMAN SHAWLS,

BLACK ALPACAS,

We have in Stock of the above enumerated items, styles, qualities and prices sufficient to attract purchasers.

PLEASE CALL AND EXAMINE.

BOGGS & BUHL.

128 Federal St.,

Apr10,'72;1y] ALLEGHENY, PA.

Rowell & Co.'s Advertisements.

AGENTS WANTED.—We guarantee employment for all, either sex, at $5 a day or $3,000 or more a year. New works by *Mrs. H. B. Stowe*, and others. Superb premiums given away. Money made rapidly and easily at work for us. Write and see. Particulars free. WORTHINGTON, DUSTIN & CO., Hartford, Ct. jan9;1m

Agents Wanted for Bunyan's

Pilgrim's Progress.

The most beautiful edition ever published. Printed on elegant paper, with nearly 600 exquisite illustrations. Profits large and sales sure. Everybody wants this noble work. For circular and terms, address JOHN E POTTER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

1823. **JUBILEE!** 1873.

Better than Pictures is the

NEW-YORK OBSERVER.

The Great American Family Newspaper.

$3 a year with the JUBILEE YEAR BOOK.

SIDNEY E. MORSE & CO.,

37 Park Row, New York.

☞ SEND FOR A SAMPLE COPY. ☜

TRICKS and TRAPS of AMERICA.

Would you avoid being "bit" by Rogues, Swindlers and Humbugs? Read the "STAR SPANGLED BANNER. A large, *illustrated 40-column* 8 page paper. *Lastest* news. Splendid Stories, Sketches Tales, Poems, Wit, Humor, Puzzles, Recipes, &c. 11th year, $1 a year, with elegant Prang Chromo, "AUTUMN LEAVES," free to all. ONLY $1. TRY IT ONCE. *Satisfaction guaranteed* Agents Wanted. Outfit FREE. Specimens, &c. for 6 cents. Address "BANNER," Hinsdale, N. Y.

GLITSCH'S IMPERIAL RUSSIAN **Mustard**—Wholesale to the trade. Single cans sent, postpaid, on receipt of $1. W. HERMAN T. FRUEAUFF, Reading, Pa.

BOOKKEEPING *Made Easy.* Every clerk and merchant can learn at once. Book mailed, 50c. H. GOUDING BRYANT. Buffalo, N. Y.

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

$1,000 REWARD For any case of Blind, Bleeding, Itching, or Ulcerated Piles that DR. BING'S Pile Remedy fails to cure. It is prepared expressly to cure the Piles, and nothing else. Sold by all druggists. Price, $1.00.

How, When and Where to Advertise. See the ADVERTISER'S GAZETTE. By mail 25 cents. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 41 Park Row, N. Y.

Miscellaneous.

BEAVER FALLS, BEAVER COUNTY, Pa.

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, GENTS' Furnishing and Fancy Goods, Furs, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises and Notions.

A Full and Complete Assortment always on hand and Prices very Low.

SPEYERER & SONS

ARE RECEIVING

A LARGE and WELL SELECTED

Stock of

NEW GOODS,

FROM THE EAST, bought at

LOWEST CASH PRICES;

CONSISTING OF

DRY-GOODS,

GROCERIES,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HATS & CAPS,

The Beaver Argus.

Beaver, Pa., January 22, 1873.

Circulation Thirteen Hundred.

Rates of Advertising.

Time.	3w.	6w.	3m.	6m.	1 year
1 square 10 lines,	$3 00	$3 00	$5 00	$7 00	$10 00
2 squares, do	3 50	5 00	7 00	10 00	15 00
3 squares, do	5 00	6 00	9 00	13 00	18 00
4 squares, do	6 00	8 00	10 50	15 00	21 00
¼ column,	8 00	11 00	15 00	20 00	33 00
½ column,	11 00	15 00	20 00	30 00	60 00
1 column,	20 00	30 00	38 00	60 00	100 00

Administrators' and Executors' Notices.....$3 00

Special notices per line, ten cents.

☞ Payments to be made Quarterly, except transient advertisements, which must be paid in advance.

JOB WORK.

English Sheet Bills 25 copies or less.....$2 00
" 25 additional copies or less..... 50
Fourth Sheet Bills 25 copies or less..... 3 00
" 25 additional copies or less..... 75
Half Sheet Bills 25 copies or less..... 5 00
" 25 additional copies or less..... 1 50
Full Sheet Bills 25 copies or less..... 8 00
" 25 additional copies or less..... 2 00
Bills in Equity five pages or less..... 15 00
Each additional page..... 3 00
Blanks, plain, one quire..... 2 00
Each additional quire..... 1 00
Other Job work at same rates.

TIME TABLE.

Cleveland & Pittsburgh R. R.—Trains going East leave Beaver Station as follows: Accom'n 9.19; Mail, 2.37 p. m.; Evening Fast Line 7.01.

Trains going West leave Beaver Station as follows: Mail, 7.46 a. m.; Accommodation 5.40 p. m.

The attention of the public is directed to the following New Advertisements which appear for the first time in the Argus to-day:

A. Young, Liniment.....C
Hoover's Lung Cure.....C
Hoover's Pills and Ointment.....C
Notice—L. Setzfield.....12
W. A. Small.....11
J. B. & S. Maxwell.....1 sq 6w
Notice—Henry Bee, half a mile of.....16
A. E. Touzalin.....3 sq 2m
Notice—Ruel R. Wray.....

An interesting communication touching the recent primary meeting and election in Beaver Falls, came too late for this week's paper. It will appear in our next issue.

We are under obligations through Hon. S. J. Cross of the House of Representatives to the committee having in charge inauguration ceremonies of Governor-elect Hartranft, for an invitation to be present. The inauguration takes place to-day, Jan. 21st, we regret our inability to attend.

☞ The place to get clothing cheap, is at L. Steinfeld's in Rochester, as he is selling off at cost.

Mr. John Bigger, of Greene township, has purchased an interest in the *Conservative* office, of Beaver. The new firm will be Williams & Bigger. We welcome Mr. B. into the editorial fraternity.

☞ Go to L. Steinfeld's in Rochester for clothing. Goods cheap, as he is selling his stock off at cost.

Our former fellow-townsman, Dr. A. W. Acheson, jr., has removed from Kansas City, Mo., to Denison, Grayson county, Texas, the point of junction of the Texas Pacific Leavenworth and Galveston roads.

☞ Closing out of winter goods, at the cheap store of W. A. Smith, Rochester.

Rev. J. K. Miller, of Beaver, has the agency for the "American Land and Law Advisor," published at Pittsburgh, Pa., by Croft and Phillips. The publication is an interesting and useful one, and is well worth the subscription price which is $3 per year.

☞ Clothing can be had at cost at L. Steinfeld's, in Rochester, as he is selling off his stock.

Promoted.—Capt. J. S. Winans, of New Brighton, has been appointed by the Governor, Major General of the Nineteenth Division of the National Guard of Pennsylvania. The Department is composed of the counties of Beaver, Butler, Lawrence and Mercer. The honor is worthy conferred.

☞ For bargains in clothing of all kinds, go to L. Steinfeld's, in Rochester. He is selling his stock off at cost.

Bank Directors Election.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the National Bank of Beaver county took place in the Banking House on Tuesday last week, and the following directors were elected to serve for the ensuing year: John Miner, R. E. Hoops, R. B. Fetterman, Benjamin Wilde, M. Darragh, G. W. Hamilton, G. S. Barker, John Stiles and James Duncan.

☞ Plaited Higgin Skirt Shields in all sizes. Felt skirts; seling at panic prices.

Severely Injured.—A son of Mr. David Whitla, of New Brighton, was severely injured on one of the railroads near Columbus, Ohio, on Tuesday of last week. The young man was employed as an engineer at the time of the casualty. His father, brother and sister have gone to Columbus to take care of him. We have not learned the full extent of his injuries nor how they were received.

Sudden Death.—Henry Shibner, of Chippewa township, came to his death very suddenly on Tuesday of last week. He was hauling coal, and the wagon on which he was riding, upset, and threw him to the ground with such force as to cause his death soon afterwards. Mr. Shibner was about 60 years of age. He was a reputable, genial man, and stood very fair in his township.

☞ Chapped hands, face, rough skin, pimples, ringworm, salt-rheum, and other cutaneous affections cured, and the skin made soft and smooth, by using the *Super Tar Soap*, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. Be certain to get the Juniper Tar Soap, as there are many worthless imitations made with common tar. nov20-3m

The amount of wool grown in Washington county last year is estimated at over three million pounds. Probably something over two-thirds of this amount has been sold in a large part within two years of this, leaving between six and eight hundred thousand pounds in the hands of growers. The average price now being paid is sixty cents. The local market is active, and it is likely that in a short time almost the entire clip will be sold in the East.—*Washington Review.*

☞ Closing out sale of all winter goods to make room for a large stock, giving great bargains in flannels, water proofs, woolen hosiery, knit undershirts, and drawers, furs, shawls and heavy dress goods at the cheap store of W. A. Smith.

Commissioners' Appointments.

The County Commissioners have made the following appointments for the present year:

Clerk to Com'rs—John M'Gown.
Counsel.—J. R. Harrah.
Manager House of Refuge—S. J. Cross.
Physician to Jail—Dr. J. C. Levis.
Mercantile Appraiser—R. F. M'Ilvaine.
Janitor—Cicero Turner.

☞ The purest and sweetest *Cod Liver Oil* is Hazard & Caswell's, made on the sea shore, from fresh, selected livers, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. It is absolutely *pure* and *sweet*. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in the market. nov20-12t

Prof. Leo Miller's lecture in the Presbyterian church of this place on last Friday night, on the "Era of Woman, or Divine Republic," was well attended, and closely listened to. He is a very interesting speaker, and while many of his audience doubtless did not fully agree with him in his conclusions, they all nevertheless admired the ingenuousness of his argument and were no little instructed by it. In the lectures delivered here by the Prof. he has established his reputation as a lecturer, and should he ever pay us a visit again in a similar capacity, he may confidently expect a full house.

The spirit of God is manifestly present in the Presbyterian Churches of Beaver Falls and Bridgewater. Many are uniting with those churches, and services are being continued. Rev. Lawrence, of Sharpsburg, will preach in the Presbyterian Church in Bridgewater during this week. A dozen or more on last Sabbath, united with the church at Beaver Falls, and nine or ten in Bridgewater, and in both places many are under conviction.— REP.

Election of Officers.—At the annual meeting of the Rochester Home Insurance Company, held at Rochester on last Monday, the following officers were elected: President—George C. Speyerer; Vice-President—J. V. McDonald; Treasurer—Herman Speyerer; Secretary—John Græbing, jr., Directors—J. V. McDonald, G. C. Speyerer, Sam. B. Wilson, Louis Schnider, Wm. Kennedy, John Græbing, Marshall McDonald, R. B. Edgar M. Camp, jr, C. B. Hurst, David Lowry, Henry Græbing.

Holloway's Ointment.—Discharging sores, indolent ulcers, abcesses, and hard swellings, of many years, standing, are daily cured in all parts of the world by this invaluable preparation.—Sold 78 Maiden Lane N. Y. Price 25 cents per pot. Ask for new style; the old is counterfeited.

James P. Dunlap, of Harrisville, Butler county, has been victimized by accepting, as he supposed, an agency for a patent roofing. He finds now that the agreement he signed is a note for $150. He spends at least four dollars, advertizing that he will not pay the note. If he had spent two dollars in paying for the county paper, and then read it, he need not have been victimized. Now he will probably have to pay the note, as it was likely long ago in the hands of an innocent holder.—*New Castle Courant.*

Beaver County Artisans Abroad.

—We are pleased to notice the following testimonial in the *Buckeye State*, published at New Lisbon, Ohio:

The Taney Brothers, of Beaver Falls, Pa., having finished painting, graining and frescoing the Court House, in New Lisbon, Columbiana county, Ohio, in a masterly and workman-like manner, we, the undersigned, Commissioners of said county, most cheerfully recommend them to all parties having that kind of work to do.

JOSHUA LEE,
J. B. ROELER,
WM. C. MCCRACKEN, } *Com.*

A number of boys residing in Allegheny visited Beaver Falls on Tuesday for the purpose of seeing the Chinese. In the evening they boarded the express train, in order to steal a ride to the city, but were put off. They then concluded to take passage on the next freight train that came along. In attemping to jump upon it, a lad named James Glenn was struct by the box of a freight car, and had his leg broken near the thigh and the cap of his knee knocked off. He was taken to his home at No. 12 Ann street, Allegheny, and is attended by Drs. Buchanan and Kirker.—*Pitts. Commercial, Jan.* 17.

"Gideon" in last week's *Radical* avers that in the notice of Wm. Graham, the oldest man in Beaver county, there *are many errors; that he is but 85 years old etc.*, Mr. Graham himself stated to our reporter that he was 97 years old last August. He was married at the age of 32 years and his son, Mr. Frederich F. Graham, of Homewood, is his 8th child, and he was 54 years old the 1st of February. Mr. Frederick Graham authorizes us on the evidence furnished by an inspection of the family record to deny positively "Gideon's statement and to do this in as strong terms as possible.

Mr. W. C. Stewart, of Beaver Falls, met with a serious accident, on Thursday last. He left town driving a pedding wagon and got a load of matter's Hill, on the Fairfield road. Here one of the horses became frightened and started to run. The hill was very icy and in attempting to stop the team, the wagon and horses were thrown over an embankment. Mr. Stewart sprung from his seat and fell to the ground, receiving severe injuries. One of his fingers was broken and another had a joint dislocated. He was taken to the residence of Mr. David Walter, where he is receiving every attention and is getting along finely.—*Buckeye State*

The National Pestilence.—Philadelphia has had some experience with our national pestilence, the small-pox, during the past year. Over 2,500 persons died of this disease in that city during 1872. A strange fact about it is that it was in large part, confined to two districts of the city. One is a foul and unwholesome locality, and it was the verdict that the pestilence gained a foothold there by reason of the disregard of sanitary regulations. But how about the other? The districts are situated at opposite ends of the city, while one is filthy the other is inhabited by people in good circumstances, and the streets and dwellings are of the average Philadelphian cleanliness, But neither the neatness nor the filthiness of the districts seem to have any influence in retarding or spreading the disease, and the true confinement of the pestilence to those portions of the city is yet to be discovered. It is really remarkable that, after years of successful operation, there should yet be with whole classes in our largecities, such a prejudice against vaccination. We are not informed that this was particularly the case in Philadelphia; but the fact is generally noticed throughout the country. It would be a good sanitary regulation to provide by law that all persons shall be vaccinated, as is already done in some cities. Had such a regulation been in force in Philadelphia its mortality record would not have assumed such large proportions.

Narrow Escape from Fire.—On Tuesday night of last week, the residence of Mr. John Springer in Raccoon township, came very near being burned down. It seems that the children had been engaged during the evening sewing carpet rags, and when through with their work, they gathered up the rags, and put them in a clothes press in the same room. In an hour or so after flames began to burst from the clothes press, and after a vigorous effort on the part of Mr. S., and was finally successful in subduing the fire. Mr. Springer was burned pretty badly about the face and hands before it was extinguished. It is believed that the carpet rags had caught on fire before being removed to the cloths press. The loss is estimated at about 75 or $100.

The following lines, copied from an exchange, are susceptible of two meanings. A cross old bachelor reads the first and third and second and fourth lines together, and seems to find an internal satisfaction in reading them thus, from some cause or other:

The man must lead a happy life
Who is directed by his wife;
Who's free from matrimonial chains
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no peace,
Until he saw a woman's face;
When Eve was given for a mate,
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female heart appear
Truth, darling of a heart sincere;
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride,
Ne'er known in woman to reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The worth in woman we behold?
The falsehood that in women dwells
Is almost impercepible.

Fooled he the foolish man, I say,
Who will not yield to woman's sway:
Who changes from his singleness
Is sure of perfect blessedness.

The Drunken Minister—Who is He?—At the recent session of the Beaver County Temperance Union, a speaker stated that a minister of the Gospel, at Beaver Falls, went into his Sabbath-School in a state of intoxiction and dismissed the school. The writer visited Beaver Falls, and wishing to learn who this minister was, ascertained that it was *not* the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, nor the pastor of the M. E. Church, nor of the Protestant Church. It was not Rev. Hare, of the Lutheran Church, neither was it the rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It was not the Baptist minister. Would Mr. Banks be so kind as to inform the public who it was? If the statement is true, let us have the name of the minister and the name of the church to which he ministers, and oblige

ONE OF THE PARSONS.

January 18, 1873.

Personals.—A. R. Moore, esq., of Tidioute, but recently a prominent citizen of this county, paid a short visit to his friends in Beaver last week, Mr M. is engaged in the oil business in Warren county, and entertains the belief that the agreement entered into between the oil producers, will work satisfactorily to both classes. Mr. Moore looks hearty himself and his family are likewise in improved health.

—Rev. Walter Brown and lady of Steubenville Ohio, have just paid their relatives and numerous friends in this place a visit. They returned home during the latter part of last week.

—Dr. A. R. Thomson, formerly of this county and well and favorably known to most of our people, but now residing in Cabell county, West Va., paid his old "tramping grounds" a visit last week. The Dr. is in usual health, and is living contently and prosperously in his new location.

Court Proceedings.—The Court which commenced its sessions in this place on Monday, Jan. 15, had up to its adjournment on last Thursday, disposed of the following cases:

James M. Burns vs. Hugh Anderson. The plaintiff did not appear and a nonsuit was taken.

Perry Brown and others vs. Charles Grim. Verdict for defendent for four dollars and twenty cents.

Benj. Chew's Adm'rs. vs. William Jenkins. Verdict for plaintiffs.

John W. Inman vs. William Garvin. Settled by the parties.

Joshua Calvin vs. James Calvin's Ex'rs. Verdict for the plaintiff for two hundred and twenty-three dollars.

Amos Doubt and D. W. Swager vs. John McMahon. Settled.

Henry Collins vs. Jacob Young. Verdict for plaintiff for one hundred and sixty-nine dollars.

John C. Levis vs. William F. Barnes Verdict for plaintiff for five hundred and fourteen dollars and twenty cents.

R. A. McCullough vs. S. K. Kane & Co. Verdict for defendent.

Court adjourned until Monday at 3 o'clock p. m., at which time its sessions were again resumed.

Sparks of Wisdom.—Keep the mind on a healthy trot.

Happiness is always a home-made article.

Things themselves change less than our manner of looking at them.

It is only those that have *done* nothing that fancy they can do everything.

When an extravigant friend wishes to borrow your money, consider which of the two you had rather lose.

If we exhaust our income in schemes of ambition, we shall purchase disappointment; if in law, vexation; if in luxury, disease.

Self-love is at once the most delicate and most tenacious of our sentiments; a mere nothing will wound it, but nothing on earth will kill it.

Simply dress, and more would be done to strengthen the character and fortify the health of woman than any elaboration of hygeine or of exercise.

The darkest day in any man's career is that wherein he fancies that there is some easier way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it.

A good collector must be as patient as a post, cheerful as a duck, sociable as a flea, bold as a lion, weather-proof as a rubber, cunning as a fox, and watchful as a sparrow-hawk.

If we will be contending, let us contend like the olive and the vine, who shall produce the most fruit; not like the aspen and the elm, which shall make the most noise in the wind.

Borough Elections—The boroughs of New Brighton and Beaver Falls, held their local elections on Tuesday of last week. The results were as follows.

NEW BRIGHTON.

Burgess—M. S. Johnes
Ass't. Burgess—J. M. Alexander
High Constable—Wm. Boggs
Council—North Ward—R.F. Hoops, L. S. Cambell, John C. Whitla
Judge of Elections—D. Cooper
Inspectors—John H. Williams and H. Graham
School Director—S. T. Reed
Assessor—S. A. McGown
Auditor—Wade Wilson
Constable—Wm. Boggs

LOCAL OPTION.

For License	34
Against License	124

Council—Middle Ward—P. Martsolf, A. Bartley jr. and Agnew Duff
Judge of Elections—T. O. Waddle
Inspectors—Hiram Reed, jr. and G. G. Porter
School Director—J. H. Mann

For License	16
Against License	120

Council South Ward—J. Whysall, Thos. Elverson, Isaac Covert.
Justice of Peace—W. B. Lemmon
Judge of Election—G. L. Eberheart
Inspectors—J. V. Winans and Sylvester Hunter.
School Director—E. P. Lawrence.
Assessor—W. B. Lemmon.
Constable—W. D. Sherwood.

For License	16
Against License	83

BEAVER FALLS

Burgess—Alfred G. McCreary.
Asst. Burgess—James Hoon.
Council—Martin Metzgar,
" James M. Fessenden,
" William H. Hoon,
" Henry M. Meyers.
School Direc's—John R. Eakin, (3 yrs.)
" " Chas. D. Renouf, (3 yrs.)
Judge of Election—O. H. Noble.
Inspector of Election—A. F. Wolf.
Return Inspector—N. M. Macomber.
Constable—James Houston.
Assessor—James H. Fife.
Asst. Assessor—John R. Hoops,
Auditor—Wm. C. Fessenden, (3 yrs.)
" William Shannon,
Co. Committee—William Frazier.
" " James S. Elliott.
" " Francis Banks.

For License	157
Against License	172

A determined effort was made by the Patterson-Dawson ring to defeat the above ticket, but the result shows that the people there have set up for themselves, and routed the "Specks" Conspirators foot and dragoon.

Citizens' Prohibition Executive Committee Meeting.—Pursuant to announcement, the Citizens' Prohibition Executive Committee held its first meeting at the Court House on last Saturday evening. The committee was organized by electing S. B. Wilson, Chairman; J. Weyand, Secretary, and G. W. Hamilton, Treasurer. After a general interchange of opinion it was thought advisable to enlarge the committee, whereupon the names of Smith Curtis, S. B. French, M. Weyand and E. B. Daugherty were added to the Executive Committee. That body is now composed as follows:

Samuel B. Wilson, M. S. Quay, John F. Dravo, E. P. Kuhn, J. S. Rutan, J. Weyand, John Caughey, D. M. Donehoo, J. R. Harrah, Frank Wilson, D. L. Imbrie, William Orr, R. T. Taylor, Geo. W. Hamilton, D. Singleton, F. H. Agnew, Chamberlin White, Smith Curtis, S. B. French, M. Weyand and E. B. Daugherty.

Smith Curtis esq., was elected an additional secretary to the Committee. The best of feeling prevailed among the members, and active effort was promised on the part of all. After which the committee adjourned to meet at the same place on Saturday evening, Feb. 1, at 7 p. m.

Col. Russell H. Conwell will lecture in Beaver, Feb. 6, 1873.—Subject, "Lessons of Travel," admission 50 cents. For the course of four lectures, reserved seats, $2.00

—Col. Russell H. Conwell, who has been making a journey entirely around the world, sailed from Havre for home last week. Col. Conwell is one of the most note-worthy young men of New England. He has already been in all parts of the world. For three years during the rebellion he was a soldier, rising from a private station to that of a Colonel. He is a writer of singular brilliancy and power, and as a popular lecturer in the States his success has been astonishing. He has been in the lecture field but a few years, yet he has already made himself a place beside of such men as Phillips, Beecher and Chapin—*London Times.*

—An orator by nature.—*New York Times.*

—His lecture is a moving panorama.—*Chicago Republican.*

—A brave soldier, an efficient public officer, and a stirring orator.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The most entertaining lecturer on Travel to be found in New England.—*Boston News.*

Our Silver Crop.—The production of silver from the mines of Utah for the year 1871 is roughly estimated at $5,000,000, and a writer in the Omaha *Herald* predicts that the total yield for 1872 will reach double that amount. It is difficult however, to arrive at an accurate estimate of the production in this Territory, as the shipments are made, some of them in refined silver bullion, others in base bullion of varying value, and others still in ores of widely different degrees of fineness. It is believed, though, that the little Cottonwood district alone has yielded more than $6,000,000 the present year. There are seven mines there, besides the Emma, yielding more than $500,000 each, some reaching as high as $1,400,000.

Prof. Clayton, of Nevada, a competent authority, estimates that the silver product of that State for 1872 will be from 30 to 33 per cent. greater than last year. He believes that Comstock lode will this year yield not less than $16,000,000. This includes, of course, all the bullion from that lode, a proportion, greater or less, being gold. The Raymond and Ely mine in the Pioche district of Nevada is the most productive mine known, except the Crown Point mine on the Comstock lode. Its yield this year is expected to exceed $4,000,000. This mine was stocked and sold in San Francisco for $3,000,000, and has paid seven per cent. per month on its stock since one of its discoverers, holds one million dollars in its stock, on which he receives $70,000 monthly. His Dividends for the last twelve months have amounted to $840,000 in gold.

Disastrous Fire at Greenville, Mercer Co. Pa.—On last Wendsday night at 11 o'clock a fire broke out in the rear of the workhouse of Brunday's dry goods store near the center of Greenville Pa. A strong gale was blowing from the southwest and in less than half an hour an entire square was in flames. A hand engine was brought into requisition, but it was of no avail. At one o'clock four squares in the centre of the town were on fire and the flying sparks had ignited a dwelling in the northern part. The scene at two o'clock was terrible. Families were flitting here and there, while the streets were filled with household goods. Relief soon came from Meadville and by destroying buildings the flames were checked.

The following are the losses. St. Charles Hotel, $7,000; S.C. Dickey, $6,500; Brinard heirs, $5,000, John E. Hull, $4,000; Tillottson Bros., 10,000; H. Keck, 7,000; T. J. Brundage, $6,000; J. H. Becker, $6,500. The other losses range in sums, from one to four thousand dollars. About ten acres of ground were burned over, and the buildings destroyed were chiefly wooden. The origin of the fire is not known. The total loss amounts $70,000; to the insurance companies $40,000; chiefly by the Penn and National, of Philadelphia; Wyoming, of Wilksbarre; German American, of New York; Etna; North American, of Franklin; State Fire, of Missouri; Brewers, of Milwaukee; Williamsport Fire; Germania, of New York; Andes; Farmers, of New York; Union Mutual, of Philadelphia.

Postal Matters.—The decision of the Post-master General that mail matter not fully prepaid at the office of its mailing had to pay double postage, even though one full rate is prepaid, has met with such general opposition and censure that the House Committee on Post-offices on Tuesday took up the question for discussion, and decided unanimously, except one vote, that Mr. Creswell's construction of the law was an improper one.

The following joint resolution was then agreed to by the committee:

"*Resolved*, That the true intent and meaning of sections 151 and 152 of the act to revise, consolidate and amend the statute relative to the Post-office Department, approved June 8, 1872, are, among other things, that where one full rate of postage has been prepaid, as required by law, on the mail matter, in said section mentioned, such mail matter shall be forwarded to its destination, charged with the unpaid rate, to be collected on delivery, and that no double rate of postage shall be collected where such partial prepayment has been made."

The Post-master General was before the committee in consultation on the general subject of his department, and it is probable he will modify his order before the resolution is presented. It may possibly go to the Attorney General for his decision.

The question of reduction of letter postage to two cents for each half ounce was discussed by the committee at some length, and seems to be favorably regarded. The Post-master General is also understood to favor it. It seems probable the committee will agree to the proposition for the payment of newspaper postage, in order to avoid the transportation of large quantities of newspapers, which are never paid for and not taken out of the office.

EDITOR ARGUS—*Dear Sir*:—Please insert the following, in your paper, and oblige the County Committee on Temperance.

J. F. EGAR, *Sec'y.*

As the Beaver papers, have kindly offered their columns for articles on Temperance, the County Committee have appointed Rev. J. H. Aughey to receive articles and communications on this subject, and conduct their publication.

Address, REV. J. H. AUGHEY,
Beaver, Pa.

EDITOR BEAVER ARGUS—In looking over your paper, we have noticed on several occasions, accounts of big drinkers and eaters, who, after accomplishing the feats undertaken, had smiled and died. Now we have a nice young man here in New Brighton who calmly and peacefully sit down after supper the other evening and placed himself outside of 13 dozen (or one hundred and fifty six) raw oysters; and not for glory or a wager, but merely to spite the chap that was to pay for them. When asked to have a few more, dryly remarked: "that he hadn't felt very well for a week or two." The friends of the oyster hero will back him against all comers. Parties desirous of making a match, can be accommodated by depositing a forfeit at James Roney's in New Brighton.

P. S.—Arrangements will be made to have 2 schooner loads of bivalves at Baltimore prices. SHELL FISH.

NEW GALILEE Jan. 18th;

EDITOR OF THE BEAVER ARGUS:—The unfortunate man (Mr. Edward Murphy) who, was so dreadfully burned three miles west of this place last Sunday morning, expired at the residence of Sheriff Græbing this morning at 8 o'clock, where he received all the parental kindness that a child could have asked. Towards the latter part of last night he spoke of the kindness he had been the recipient of. Dr. Shurlock did all that a physician could to restore him to health, but his injuries were far too severe for any reasonable hopes. His face (excepting his forehead) was burned almost to a crisp, right breast the flesh was burned loose, right arm had to be bandaged to prevent flesh from falling off, right side from arm pit to hip extending to back bone was so loose as to prevent him from being handled, left hand burned to a crisp, and where the flesh broke, the knuckle bones were exhibited, the exudation from the sores ran through the bed upon the floor. He was very anxious to see his friends, but owing to their financial circumstances his last wish could not be granted.

C. S. D.,

RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 15, 1873.

BROTHER WEYAND:—On leaving New York, I purchased my ticket through to Charleston, S. C., direct, all rail, *fast* line, *via*. Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Weldon, Goldsbro and Wilmington. This route is called the Atlantic Coast Line. Nothing of interest occurred on the way, until within about two hours ride of Baltimore, when we came to a sudden stop,—one of the passage coaches refusing to do duty,—put one wheel outside the rail, and brought us to terms. We were due in Baltimore at eight o'clock, p. m., but this accident delayed us some three hours. At this point, passengers can either take the steamer and go down the Chesapeake Bay to Portsmouth, or continue by rail—by the steamer, passengers have a comfortable night's rest, and the pleasure of an ocean ride, unless the water is rough. At Baltimore, the cars are detached and hauled through the city, from one depot to another, by horses or mules, when they are coupled together again, and hitched on to the iron horse, and away we sped towards Washington city, where we arrived at one o'clock, when we had the satisfaction of learning that the connecting train had "gone and done it," as they say here, and we, the passengers, were reduced to the necessity of "turning in" for the balance of the night. But, as there is consolation in everything, we were consoled with the thought that we were really in the Capital city of the nation—near the President and all the other great lights gathered here—and actually breathed the same air, without paying for it; perhaps we mosphere, but we thought we *paid* for something the next morning. I presume the price was tempered by the measure of our privileges. But the lateness of the hour and the coldness of the bed, sufficed to keep me awake, and then I thought how I would write to you and tell you that I had actually been here, and about all that I saw, and then my bosom swelled with pride and smothered emotions. The southern bound train was to leave at seven in the morning, and after breakfast, I started out for an airing, and to wend my way with the rest of the passengers, to the Wilmington and Weldon R. R. depot. What I saw of the city did not seem to attract my attention particularly, and I concluded to wait my return before venturing my opinion. I am inclined to think, however, that it was a most unfortunate thing for the government, that the Capital was located here during the war; and I still think that this is not just the right place for it; but as my opinion will not change it, and as no one will pay me for it, I therefore decline to argue the case. And I wish to say here, for the benefit of travelers—for of all persons they deserve the most advice and sympathy—that south of Washington, trains do not connect, as it is not to the interest of the road for them to do so, so they think. In some of our school books we have the story of a man who dreamed that he was in a world of chance, and I began to fear that I had landed in the same country, for the running of trains, is all by chance,—they may go or they may not,—contingent upon circumstances.

THE DEPOT.

When I entered the depot of the W. & W. R. R., I almost became incredulous; and as Rip Van Winkle says, "If this is me, and Rip Van Winkle is dead, then who am I," did not such a building really belong in Washington city I inquire; but after fully satisfying myself that I was still in possession of my mental faculties, I surveyed the "shanty," and found that the "pen" was full. I think, as near as I could estimate at a glance there were some two hundred negroes, together with a few "white trash" and the balance were dogs. The morning was bitter cold, and both doors were standing wide open, and the inmates seemed to be vieing with one another to see who or which could get nearest the stove, but I think the dogs had the best of it.

The stove was a regular "bull," about three feet long and two feet wide, and was not much on the warm, but afforded good sitting or standing room, being flat on top. If Noah had used any such thing in the ark, I would have supposed this one had been presented to the nations' Capitol as a relic; but would rather incline to give the patriarch credit for better judgment than to carry such an article,—they appeared to be frying green wood in it, but did not stay to see it done.

At about nine o'clock the R. R. authorities succeeded in making up a train, and then we took courage, but not until we had first taken the care; and after a delay of about one hour, the whistle sounded, and we were off, and then for the first time I realized that I was "on to Richmond." In a few minutes we were crossing the bridge, over the Potomac, which was frozen over solid; and had the privilege of looking ont upon "Arlington," the home of the hero of the rebellion, R. E. Lee.

I cannot say that I experienced any peculiar emotions, at the sight of the place or thoughts of the departed, but involuntarily felt that he ought to have been engaged in a better cause.

A few miles out we stopped at Alexandria, an old dilapidated slave town, where Col. Ellsworth of Zouave notoriety fell a victim to his rashness. We were now passing over historical grounds, and could see things and places which we had read so much about during the rebellion. The line of railway leads down the Chesapeake Bay and offers attractive scenery in many places, but the character of the soil as a general thing is poor, sandy and barren, and mostly covered with scrubby spruce and cedar, as old as the "everlasting hills." But the cars run slowly on this road, which enables the traveler to see the country all the better, and stop long enough at the stations to allow the passengers to step out and look around town.

Aquia creek and Fredericksburg were the next places of interest which we passed. Fredericksburg is a specimen town of the south,—the general appearance is not attractive, and the houses are old brick and frame, and look as if they were of age,—old and worn out—the hand of slavery is visible—the "writing" is still upon the walls.

Petersburg, a few hours' run farther south answers to the same description, only considerably larger and more of a business turn. The scene is quite different here, when you stop at a southern station, to what it is at a northern station, for cotton and negroes seem to monopolize everything—cotton first, cotton last, and negroes all the time.

"Richmond, change cars, passengers going south keep their seats," shouts the brakeman, and so we are here without firing a gun. ATLANTIC.

OAKLAND GROVE, Beaver Co., Pa.
NEW-BRIGHTON, January 18, 1873.

EDITOR OF THE BEAVER ARGUS:—You are already aware of my reason for requesting the publication of a letter in the ARGUS. That letter seemed to strike the guilty to the marrow; and they are forced to give me just sufficient opening for asking the publication of a few lines again, just to make variety, as it is said to be the spice of life. The *Radical* man publishes a letter of mine to Hon. A. K. McClure. It is, I believe, *genuine*; but what has become of the little *i's* and the *BIG MEE'S*, &c., and the "Stumpy Rows?"

Where did the *Radical* man get this letter? Was it stolen from the Philadelphia *Post* office? I did not say, John F. Price, formerly a chap about New Brighton, now *roustabout* in that office, had anything to do with it. When I say *Radical* man, I do not mean the *whipper snapper*, who boasts to *all* to whom he *speaks*, that he controls the *Radical*. No, he is only a hired tool, and must play *our* for the *honest* and *truthful* owner.

As I say in the beginning, last week's letter took so well in this part of the country at *least*, I must ask that you publish with this, a part of the correspondence published in the last *Radical*, professing to be dated at Harrisburg on the 13th instant. It is as follows, to wit, (Readers of *Radical* please compare,) Speaking of the Constitutional Convention, the *Radical* correspondence says:

To show the fitness of many of the delegates, it is related that one of the most distinguished members of the Convention was asked to address the committee on Suffrage and Elections, and solemnly asserted in his address that he was informed and believed that the ballot boxes in Philadelphia at the election in October were taken to room No. 42, Girard House, in broad daylight, opened and the ballots taken out and changed, making the majority to suit those present.

Now, what I direct attention to is, why should No. 42, "Girard House," be named in the above correspondence? Well, as I have often informed you of who its proprietor is, and also of some of his pimps, I hardly think it necessary to state anything more at present; but enclose another clipping, which I have taken from the Lancaster *Daily Express* of the 16th inst., which is known to be one of the most reliable and ably edited radical Republican papers in the State, giving an idea of the estimate in which some of our politicians are held in the East. No comments:

The cabinet of the incoming Administration is the all absorbing theme, but as yet, with the exception of Quay, no appointments are announced. The appointment of Quay, to say the least, is not regarded as a consummation devoutly to be wished, even by those in the Ring; many of Hartranft's warmest and most enthusiastic supporters are out spoken in their opinions; that if he is appointed it will be a grave mistake, and not easily accounted for. Others wanted to know whether Beaver county is to run the State forever. As Virginia was mother of Presidents, Beaver county seems to be mother of a breed of politicians that bid fair to rival Philadelphia "in ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

Senator Rutan was Speaker of the last Senate and chairman of the notorious State Convention of last year. Last fall the managers foisted on the Constitutional Convention a wooden chief clerk, by the name of Imbrie, to fortune and to fame unknown—a fellow who is not even ornamental, and has not a single qualification to be useful. Ex-member Shumaker wanted to be Clerk of the House, and Auditor General elect Stanton, was also from Beaver—the best man of the lot. Upon investigation, more beavers might be found who have been working at dams in political streams, and the politicians are grumbling at the intention of "piling Ossa on Pelion" in the person of Quay. But the Ring has of late ignored all laws and all rules, and when they want "the right man for the right place," they do not stop to inquire *for locality*.

The preacher, or *screecher* of the *Radical*, says from Saturday until Monday, I could not have had a letter from Philadelphia, Oh! yes, you sucker!! I had more than one, and I know where your masters are, and who their associates. McGinnis is one. How could the intelligent popinjay get information that the letter was not gotten up by the trio of soakers I named?

Mr. Editor, this is of but little moment, and I care but little about it; but I think I owe it to those who have the honesty and courage to do right, and I will write the truth about the men that are employed to represent them; they do not represent us except in a fraudulent manner.

Rutan writes to the *Radical*, that he voted for Cameron because John Allison wrote to him to do it; now, I have a higher regard for Mr. Allison, but he is not a citizen of the 26 senatorial district, and it is only one of the same old lies of Rutan. As he said in 1869, when he sold his vote to Mackey against me, that Hon. D. Agnew said he done just right. Faithful representative he.

Respectfully,
W. W. IRWIN.

CONSUMPTIVES, BEWARE!—The person who is continually fading away, and when all the functions of the body are impaired, and a harrassing cough is continually wearing away human energy and human life. That wonderful medicine of Dr. Keyser's known as Dr. Keyser's Lung Cure, will be sure to arrest the disease and carry it out of the system. We care not whether the Lungs, the Bronchia, or any other of the organs of respiration are effected; it is equally curative. Its principles of action are fully discussed in an essay of thirty-two pages, issued from Dr. Keyser's office, 107 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, which will be sent by mail, free, to all who desire it.

"CAN'T DO WITHOUT IT."—This is what the stage and horse car companies, livery-stable keepers, members of the turf, and all grooms and trainers say of the *Mustang Liniment*. They can't do without it." And why? Because it infallably reduces the external swellings, &c., which, under various names, impair the usefulness and value of the king of quadrupeds, and also because, for sprains, strains, galls and other injuries to which horse-flesh is liable, it is the most trustworthy preparation in the market. Yet these recommendations comprise only a portion of its claims to public confidence. During a period of more than sixteen years, it has been recognized as a specific for many of the most agonizing disorders which afflict the human family—such as rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, lumbago, ticdoloreux, sore throat, earache, toothache, and likewise as a peeless application for cuts, bruises, burns and scalds.

☞ For good buggies, wagons, carriages, spring wagons, sulkeys, buck-boards, &c., go to Ingraham Boyd's, near the depot, in Rochester. All orders promptly attended to. sep14;1y

Standing Committees of the Senate and House of Representatives.—The following are the standing committees of the Senate:

Constitutional Reform—Messrs. Strang, White, Graham, Cutler, Delamater, Davis, (Berks), McClure, Wallace, Dill.

Congressional Apportionment—Messrs. Rutan, Graham, Fitch, White, Strang, Wallace, Davis, (Berks), Dill, Playford, Alexander.

Federal Relations—Messrs. Waddell, Hellman, Rutan, Albright, Nagle.

Finance—Messrs

Continued from first page.

child—a child as innocent as he was himself. If so, he was ready to take the little one from Mr. Sparrow's charge. He said no more, concluding here, almost abruptly. A reply soon came. Ben Sparrow had heard the rumors, and was shocked at them; he believed what George said in his letter. But the child, said old Ben, was a comfort to them: by "them" he ment himself and Bessie, but he did not mention Bessie's name: it formed the principal part of their happiness now in their little home, and to part with her would cause "them" great grief and pain. His let ter also, was short and to the point. And so our little Tottie remained with Old Ben Sparrow and Bessie, and was even more tenderly cared for than she had been before. Somehow or other, these letters were a great consolation to George and Bessie.

But the gossipers and rumor-mongers would not let them alone. They said that George's other sweetheart had declared that if he went away she would go with him, and would follow him all over the world. Bessie then was brought in. She had another lover also, a lover she liked better than George. Who should it be but young Mr. Million? He gave her those pretty ear-rings, of course, and he was seen to go into old Ben's shop with beautiful flowers in his hands, and come away without them. Ben Sparrow encouraged him, too. Oh, it was plain to be seen what was going on! So both George and Bessie were condemned, and kind gossipers did what they could to keep them from coming together again.

George and young Mr. Million met. Mr. Million was alone; George had his father with him. The sight of the idle, well-dressed, smiling young dog made George furious. He left his father, and walked swiftly up to his enemy. A policeman was near. Young Mr. Million beckoned to him and the limb of the law touched his helmet, and came close. Jim Naldret saw the position of affairs in a moment. "Come along, George," he said, and linking his arm in that of his son, almost dragged him away. When they reached home, Mrs. Naldret made George promise not to molest young Mr. Million, not even to speak to him. "No good can come of it, my dear boy," she said; "let the scum be! Don't get yourself into trouble for him; he's not worth it. He'll meet with his deserts one day."

Time passed, and the world went on as usual. George got work at his old shop, and worked hard through the ensuing spring and summer. At that time murmurs of discontent began to be heard among the builders and carpenters—not only among them, but among the workers in nearly every other trade as well. Labor was on the strike all over the country, and one trade quickly followed the example of another. Jim himself began to murmur; he wanted to know what he was to do when he got old and couldn't work—for he had found it impossible to put by money for a rainy day.

"Go to the work-house, I suppose," he said, bitterly.

But Mrs. Naldret said, "Let be, Jim, let be; what's the use of looking forward? We should be happy enough as it is if it wasn't for George's misfortune. Poor lad! all the salt seems to have gone out of his life."

In the summer the crisis occurred in the trade, and Jim Naldret came home one day with his hands in his pockets, and said,

"Well, mother, do you want any washing done? I'm on a strike."

"Jim! Jim!" cried Mrs. Naldret. "What have you done? Remember Saul Fielding."

"Saul Fielding wasn't so wrong, after all," said Jim; "I was a bit too hard on him. I can't help myself, mother, I'm obliged to turn out with the others."

It was well for them that during this time George had saved a little money; but although he gave them every penny he had—every thing of value they had in the house, they were in debt when the strike was at an end.

"It'll be spring before we're clear mother," said Jim; "we've got to pay this and that, you know?"

Mrs. Naldret knew it well enough, and she began to pinch and save; this little family fought the battle of life well.

Old Ben Sparrow, of course, suffered with the rest. Trade grew duller and duller, and he drifted steadily, got from bad to worse, and from worse to worse than that. Autumn came and passed, and winter began to make the poor people shiver; for coals were at a wicked price. Down went old Ben Sparrow; sadder and sadder grew his face; and one day, within a fortnight of Christmas—alas! It was just a year from the time when George was nearly going away—Bessie heard a loud and angry voice in the shop. She hurried in, and saw her grandfather trembling behind the counter. The man who had uttered the angry words was quitting the shop. Bessie asked for an explanation.

"It's the landlord, my dear," he sobbed upon her shoulder, "It's the landlord. I've been be-hind-hand with the rent ever so long, and I've promised him and promised him, hoping that trade would improve, until he's quite furious, and swears that he'll put a man in possession to-morrow morning."

"And you can't pay him, grandfather?"

"Bessie, my darling," sobbed old Ben; "there isn't eighteen-pence in the house, and I owe other money as well. I'm a ruined man, Bessie, I'm a ruined man! And you, my dear! Oh dear! oh dear! what is to become of us?"

And the poor old fellow pleaded to her, and asked her forgiveness a hundred times, as if he were the cause of their misfortunes. No need to say how Bessie consoled and tried to cheer him. She drew him into the parlor, and coaxed and fondled him, and rumpled the little hair he had on his head, and so forgot her own sorrow out of sympathy for his, that he almost forgot it too. But once during the night, while she was sitting on a stool at his feet, he said, softly and sadly, "Ah, Bess! I wouldn't mind this trouble—I'd laugh at it really—if—if—"

"If what, dear?"

"If you and George were together, my darling."

She did not reply, but rested her head on his knee, and looked sadly into the scanty fire. She saw no happy pictures in it.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

Old Ben Sparrow had genuine cause for his distress. Ruin not only stared him in the face, but laid hold of him with a hard grip. The landlord was as good (or as bad) as his word. He called the following morning for his rent, and, as it was not forth-coming, he took an inventory, and put a man in possession. He brought this person in with him. A strange-looking man, with a twelve month's growth of hair at least on his face, and all of it as white as snow. The faces of Ben Sparrow and Bessie were almost as white as they followed the hard landlord from room to room, like mourners at a funeral. There was first the shop, with very little stock in it, and that little in bad condition. As the landlord said, How could a man expect to do business, and be able to pay his way honestly, when everything he had to sell was stale and mouldy?

And old Ben answered, humbly,

"Yes, yes, Sir; you're quite right, Sir. I ought to have known better. It's all my fault, Bessie, my darling; all my fault!" And felt as if, instead of an immediate execution coming to him, he ought to be led off to immediate execution.

"What d'ye call these?" asked the landlord, contemptuously. "Figs! Why, they're as shriveled as—as you are."

"Yes, yes, Sir; quite right, Sir. We are, Sir, we are; we ought to be put away! We're worth nothing now—nothing now!"

After the shop came the parlor, with the furniture that old Ben had bought for his wedding more than forty years ago; he sobbed as the landlord called out, "One old arm-chair, stuffed and rickety!" and said to Bessie, "Your grandmother's favorite chair, my darling!"

The old fellow could have knelt and kissed the "one old arm-chair, stuffed and rickety," he was so tender about it. Then they went into the kitchen; then up stairs to Ben Sparrow's bedroom, and old Ben cried again as "One old wooden bedstead—wheezy!" went down in the inventory; then into another bedroom, where Bessie and Tottie slept. The man in possession stooped down by the child's bed.

"What are you looking for?" demanded the landlord, testily.

"I was thinking the child might be there," replied the man in possession, meekly, "there is a child, isn't there?"

"What if there is!" exclaimed the landlord. "Can't sell a child. There's no market for them."

Old Ben explained: "There is a child. Poor little Tottie! But we've sent her out to a neighbor's, thinking you would come."

"And might frighten her, eh?" said the landlord. And shortly afterward took his departure, leaving the man in possession, with strict injunctions not to allow a thing to be taken out of the house.

"You're accountable, mind you," were his last words.

Bessie and her grandfather felt as if the house had been suddenly turned into a prison, and as if this man, with his strange face and snow-white hair, had been appointed their jailer. As he did not appear to notice them, old Ben beckoned to Bessie, and they crept out of the parlor into the shop for all the world as if they had been found guilty of some desperate crime. In the shop they breathed more freely.

"What are we to do with him, Bessie?" asked Ben. "What do they generally do with men in possession? They give 'em tobacco and beer, I've heard. Oh dear! oh dear! I don't mind for myself, my darling; I don't mind for myself. It's time I was put away. But for you, Bessie—oh, my darling child! what have I done to deserve this? What have I done? What have I done?"

"Grandfather," said Bessie, firmly, "you mustn't go on like this. We must have courage. Now I've made up my mind what I'm going to do I'm going to take care of you, dear grandfather, as you have taken care of me. You know how clever I am with my needle, and I intend to get work; and you shall thread my needles for me, grandfather. We can live on very little—"

Her poor white lips began to tremble here, and she kissed the old man again and again, and cried in his arms, to show how courages she was.

"I beg your pardon," said a gentle voice behind them. It was the man in possession who spoke. "I beg your pardon," he repeated. "May I be a word with you in the parlor?"

They dared not for their lives refuse him, and they followed him tremblingly.

"I am aware," he said then, as they stood before him like criminals, "that I am here on an unpleasant duty, and that I must appear very disagreeable in your eyes—"

"No, no, Sir;" remonstrated Ben, feeling that his fate and Bessie's were in this man's hands; "don't say that, Sir! Quite the contrary, indeed, Sir; quite the contrary, eh, Bessie?"

And the arch old hypocrite tried to smile, to show that he was delighted with the man's company.

"But I assure you," continued the man, "that I have no desire to annoy or distress you. I have gone through a-ms and toward his white hair—"as you may see."

"What is it you want us to do, Sir?" asked Ben Sparrow. "I am sure anything you want, such as tobacco or beer—or anything that there is in the cupboard—"

"I want you to feel as if I wasn't in the house. I know, for instance, that this is your sitting-room, I don't want you to run away from it. If you like, I will go and sit in the kitchen."

"No, no, Sir!" implored Ben Sparrow. "Not for the world. We couldn't allow such a thing, could we, Bessie? This is my granddaughter, Sir!—the dearest child that man ever had!"

Why, here was the man in possession, as old Ben broke down, actually patting him on the shoulder, and looking into his face with such genuine sympathy, that before Ben knew where he was, he had held out his hand as to a friend! What would the next wonder be?

"That's right," said the man in possession; "we may as well be comfortable together, and I shall take it ill of you, if you and your granddaughter do not use the parlor just as if I wasn't here. If you don't, I shall go and sit in the kitchen."

They could do nothing else after this but look upon the parlor as their own again. Bessie felt very grateful to the man for the sympathy he had shown for her grandfather, and she took out her old work-box, and sat down to mend a pair of Tottie's socks. "The way that child makes holes in her toes and heels is most astonishing," Ben had often remarked.

The man in possession glanced at the little socks, and then at Bessie, so thoughtfully and kindly that she gave him a wistful smile, which he returned, and said,

"Thank you, child!" in a very sweet and gentle tone.

When dinner-time came, and before they could ask him to share their humble meal, he went to the street-door and called a boy, who, in obedience to his instructions, bought some cold meat and bread at a neighboring shop. All he asked Bessie to give him was a glass of cold water, and with this and his bread and meat he made a good meal. To the astonishment of Bessie and old Ben, they found they were growing to like him. After dinner, he seemed to be drowsy, and sat with closed eyes and thoughtful face in the corner of the room he had appropriated to himself, which, it may be remarked, was not the warmest corner. Bessie and old Ben talked in whispers at first, so as not to disturb him, but after a time his regular breathing convinced them that he was sleeping, and Bessie laid down her plans to the old man. When they were turned out of the shop they would take one room. Bessie said; they would be very comfortable, she was sure, if they would only make up their minds to be so, and would work for all three, for grandfather, Tottie, and herself. Indeed, the girl showed herself so much of a true woman in her speech that she was almost beginning to persuade the old man that what had occurred was, after all, no great misfortune.

"How strange that his hair should be white!" remarked Ben, looking at the sleeping man. "He does not seem old enough for that. He isn't very attentive to his business, whatever they may be. Why, Bessie," said the old man, in a whisper that was almost gleeful, "we could actually run away!" But his thoughts assumed their sadder tenner immediately afterward, and he sighed. "Ah, Bessie! What will George think of all this? They've had trouble at home too, Bessie dear, during the strike. I often wished, during that time, that I could have gone and sat with them, and comforted them; and you wished so too, Bess, I know."

"Yes, dear," answered Bess, in a quiet tone, "I wished so too. But George might have put a wrong construction upon it."

"Bess, darling, tell me—"

"No, no!" cried Bessie, holding up her hands entreatingly, for she anticipated what he was about to say. "Don't ask me, grandfather! It can never, never be! Oh, my dear, I try to forget, but I can't!" She paused, unable to proceed for her tears, but presently said, "I should be so much happier if he thought better of me—although I know that we can never be to each other what we were. I was angry and indignant at first, but I am not so now. If he had only answered me about Tottie—dear little Tottie—" The man murmured in his sleep, and they spoke in hushed voices.

"It was wrong of me to doubt him," continued the girl, "very, very wrong! I should have trusted him, as he told me to. He can never think well of me again—never, never! But do you know, dear, that I have loved Tottie more since that time than I did before—poor little motherless thing! I shall never be happy again! Never again! Oh, my poor heart!"

It was Ben's turn now to be the consoler, and he soothed her, and caressed her, and suddenly cried.

"Bessie! young Mr. Million!"

What made Bessie turn white at the name? What made her gasp and bite her lips as the young gentleman entered the room?

"I am grieved to hear of what has happened, Mr. Sparrow," he said, taking off his hat, "and I have come at once to ask if you will allow me to assist you."

"Hush, if you please, Sir" returned Ben. "Speak low. That—that man in the corner has been put in by the landlord, and I shouldn't like to wake him. We are in great distress—ruined, I may say, Sir—"

"Then let me help you," interrupted young Mr. Million, eagerly. "It will be a pleasure to me. Let me pay this man off. You and Miss Sparrow will confer an obligation upon *me*—believe me!—if you will allow *me* to do this."

"I thank you for your offer, Sir," replied Ben, with a helpless look around the humble room in which he had spent many happy years, "but"—something in Bessie's face imparted a decision to his voice—"it can't be."

"Why?"

"Well, Sir it might get talked about, and that wouldn't do Bessie any good. You see, Sir, you are so far above us that it's impossible we—we can mix, Sir. Yes, Sir, that's it; it's impossible we can mix. No, Sir, it can't be."

Young Mr. Million was silent for a few moments, and tapped with his fingers impatiently on the table.

"For some time," he then said, "I have seen that you and Miss Sparrow have rejected my advances, and have been different from what you were. Why, may I ask again?"

"Well, Sir," replied old Ben, emboldened by the expression on Bessie's face, "it is best to speak plain. You see, Sir, the neighbors *will* talk; and when they see a gentleman like you always a-visiting poor people like us, they want to know the reason of it. And as we've no reason to give, they make one for themselves. People will talk, you see, Sir, and I am afraid that my Bessie's name—my Bessie! the best girl in the world, Sir, good enough to be a princes—"

"That she is," put in young Mr. Million.

"Well, Sir, as I was saying, I am afraid that my Bessie's name has got mixed up with yours by people's tongues in such a way as to cause sorrow to her and me. I have heard, Sir, that she was seen one day—nearly a year ago now—go into your house, and that has been set against her, and flung into her teeth, as a body might say. Well, she *did* go into your house that once—and only that once, mind!—and took a letter from me which you desired me to send by her last year when I was in trouble. You helped us then, Sir, and I am grateful to you, though I can't pay you. And we've got it in—for *they've* been talked about too, and that's the reason we sent them back to you—was the cause of a greater sorrow to my poor girl than she has ever experienced in her life."

"Oh!" exclaimed young Mr. Million, with a slight sneer in his tone. "You mean because the affair between Miss Sparrow and that cub, George Naldret, has been broken off."

From Bessie's eyes came such a flash, that if the idle young dog could have flown through the door, and have disappeared there and then instantaneously, he would have gladly availed himself of the opportunity. Old Ben Sparrow's blood, also, was up.

"Be kind enough to go, Sir," he said, with more dignity of manner than Bessie had ever seen in him; "and wherever we are, either here or elsewhere, leave us to ourselves and our troubles."

Their voices roused the man in possession; he yawned, and opened his eyes. Young Mr. Million saw here an opportunity to assert himself as the heir of a great brewery, and to indulge in a small piece of malice, at one and the same time.

"I must show my sense of ingratitude," he said, "by somewhat severe measures, and therefore you will arrange at once for the repayment of the money I have advanced to you. I must remind you that there is such a thing as imprisonment for debt. As for the money your son embezzled from our firm, I must leave my father to settle that with you. In the mean time—"

"In the mean time," interrupted the man in possession, to the astonishment of all, "I'm the master of this house, being in possession; and as you're not down in the inventory, I must request you to leave."

And without allowing the idle young dog to utter another word, the man in possession, with wrist of iron, twisted him around and thrust him from the old grocer's shop.

So young Mr. Million, for a fresh supply of wild oats, had go to another market. And doubtless succeeded in obtaining them; they are plentiful enough.

Ben Sparrow could not but thank the man in possession for friendly interference.

"Don't mention it," said the man in possession, adding, with an odd smile, "he's not down in the inventory, you know."

The interview had caused old Ben and Bessie great agitation, and left them sadly distressed; but nothing could exceed the consideration of the man in posession. He did not ask them for a word of explanation. When, indeed, the old man stumblingly referred to it, he turned the conversation, and asked for a sheet of paper and an envelope. These being supplied to him, he wrote a note, and when, after putting it in the envelope and addressing it, he looked up, his hitherto sad face wore such a bright expression that Ben whispered to his granddaughter,

"Really, Bessie, he is a good fellow; he puts heart into one;" and said, aloud, "Can I post the letter for you, Sir?"

"No, thank you," was the reply; "I can send it by a messenger. I mustn't let you out of my sight, you know. The landlord said I was accountable for you."

Old Ben began to feel in prison again.

It was dark when Tottie was brought home; she ran into the parlor calling for grandfather and Bessie and jumped into their arms, and kissed them, and pulled old Ben's hair; she seemed to bring in light with her.

"Is that Tottie?" asked the man in possession in a tremulous tone.

"Yes, Sir," replied old Ben. "Go to the gentleman, my dear."

Something like a sob came from the man in possession as he lifted Tottie and kissed her; and when, a little while afterward, the lamp was lighted, and Tottie was seen curled up contentedly in the man's arms eating sweets which he had bought and was giving her with such a sweet tooth as Tottie had, it was no wonder she was easily brought over—old Ben whispered to Bessie,

"Depend upon it, my dear, he has got a little daughter at home, that makes him fond of Tottie."

Everything about this strange man was so gentle that they actually looked upon him as a friend instead of an enemy.

SOFTLY, SWEETLY, PROCEEDS THE HYMN OF HOME.

"It is a story about two friends—"

It is the man in possession who is speaking. Tottie is lying in his arms as contentedly as if she has known him all her life; he has told her the prettiest of stories, and the child has crowed and laughed over them, until she is almost tired with the pleasure and excitement. And now, although it is very nearly eleven o'clock, and time to think of going to bed, Bessie and her grandfather find themselves listening to a story which he says he desires to tell them. Of course they dare not refuse to listen.

"It is a story about two friends—mainly about those, although the dearest hopes of others better and purer than they are mixed up in it The story is a true one. What shall I call these friends, so as to distinguish them? Shall I say George for one— What is the matter, my dear?" For Bessie had looked with a startled glance into the stranger's face. "George is a common name enough, and this man whom I call George is a good man, in every sense of the word. Say, shall I call him George?"

"Yes, if you please," replies Bessie, faintly, turning her face from him.

"And the other—I will call him Saul."

"Bessie, my dear!" exclaims old Ben Sparrow. "Do you hear? Saul and George?"

Bessie's hand steals into his, and the stranger continues.

"Say, then, Saul and George. They lived and grew to manhood in just such a neighborhood as this. Saul was the elder of the two by six or seven years; but notwithstanding the difference in their ages, they became firm friends. They talked much together, and read together; for Saul was a great reader, and took delight in studying, and (according to his own thinking) setting wrong things right. I believe that, at one time of his life, he really had a notion that it was his mission to redress the wrongs of his class; at all events, it is certain that he elected himself champion of his fellow-workmen; and as he had the fatal gift of being able to speak well and fluently, the men listened to him, and accepted his high-flown words as the soundest of logic. George admired his friend, although he did not agree with him; and when he was a man he took an opportunity of vowing eternal friendship to Saul. Such a vow meant something more than words with George; for he was constant and true to the dictates of his heart. Where he professed friendship, there he would show it. Where he professed love, there he would feel it. And it might be depended upon that neither in his friendship nor his love would he ever change. He was no idle talker. Saul, working himself into a state of false enthusiasm respecting his mission, waited but for an opportunity to raise his flag. The opportunity came. A dispute arose between master and men in a certain workshop; Saul plunged himself into the dispute, and by his fatal gift inflamed the men, and fanned the discontent until it spread to other workshops. Neither men nor masters would yield. A strike was the result. In this strike Saul was the principal agitator; he was the speaker, and the man upon whom all depended, in whom all trusted. Hear, in a few words, what occurred then. After making things as bitter as he could for the masters were their natural enemies; after making a speech one night filled with false conclusions, but which fired the men to a more determined resistance; after doing all this, Saul suddenly deserted his followers and left them in the lurch. He told them that, upon more serious considerations, he had been led to alter his mind, and that he was afraid of the misery a longer fight would bring upon them and their families. The men were justly furious with him; they called him names which he deserved to be called; and the result was that the men returned to work on the old terms, and all of them—masters and men—turned their backs upon the man who had betrayed them. Only one among them remained his friend. That one was George. From that day Saul began to sink; he could get no work; and he dragged down with him a woman who loved him, who trusted in him, and whom he had robbed of her good name. Stay, my dear," said the man in possession, placing a restraining hand upon Bessie's sleeve; the girl had risen, uncertain whether to go or stay. "You must hear what I have to say; I will endeavor to be brief. This woman had a child, a daughter, born away from the neighborhood in which Saul was known. Her love was great; her grief was greater. Saul showed himself during this time to be not only a traitor, but a coward. He took to drink. What then, did this good woman—ah, my dear, how good she was only Saul knows!—what did this good woman resolve to do for her child's sake? She resolved that she would not allow her child to grow up and be pointed at as the child of shame; that she would endeavor to find some place where it could be cared for, and where, if happier times did not come to her, the child might grow up in the belief that her parents were dead. Shame should not cast its indelible shadow over her darling's life. Saul, in his better mood, agreed with her. "I have no friends," said this woman to Saul; "have you? Have you a friend who, out of his compassion for the child and friendship for you, would take my darling from me, and care for it as his own?" Saul had no friend but one. George! He went to George and told his trouble, and this dear noble friend, this Man! arranged with a neighbor to take the child, and bring her up. He promised sacredly to keep Saul's secret, and only to tell one person the story of the poor forsaken one. "I may marry one day, Saul," he said, "and then I must tell it to my wife." In this way the mother obtained her desire; in this way came about her love's sacrifice!"

Tick—tick—tick—comes from the old-fashioned clock in the corner. Bessie has sunk into her chair, and her head is bowed upon the table. She hears the clear tick, and thinks of a year ago, when, standing at the door with her lover it sounded so painfully in her ears. What pain, what pleasure, has this strange man brought to her! For she knows that the story he is telling is true, and that Saul's friend, George, is her George, whom she has loved truly and faithfully during all the sad year. What pain! What pleasure! What pain to feel that George is parted from her forever. What pleasure to know that he is without a stain, that he is even more noble than her love had painted him! She raises her head; her eyes are almost blinded by her tears; she stretches forth her arms for Tottie.

"Let me nurse her!" she sobs.

"No, my dear," says the man in possession; but he places Tottie's lips to hers, and then stoops and kisses Bessie's tears which have fallen on the little one's face. "There is more to tell. Shall I go on?"

"Yes."

"A happy time comes to George. He falls in love with a tender hearted, pure-souled girl—"

Bessie kneels at his feet, and looks in bewilderment at the man's strange face, at his snow-white hair, and in gratitude raises his hand to her lips.

"There, there, child!" he says; "sit down: you interrupt my story. They are engaged to be married, and George is anxious to make a home for his bird. But trade is slack, and he can save no money. Then comes a false man, whom we will call Judas, into the story, who, under the pretense of friendship for George, gives him a passage ticket to the colonies, where George can more quickly save money to buy the home to which he yearns to bring his bird. But on the very night, within three hours of the time when George is to look his last upon the little house in which he was born, he learns from Saul that this pretended friend has played him false, has told him lies, and has given him the ticket only for the purpose of getting him out of the country, so that Judas can pay court to the girl who reigns in George's heart. Other doubts and misunderstandings unfortunately accumulate in these critical moments; George learns that the girl was seen to go into the house where Judas's father lives; learns that Judas has given her a pair of earrings; learns that Judas was seen by George's mother to place a letter in the girl's hand—"

"It was for grandfather!" cries Bessie. "It contained money for grandfather to help him out of his trouble!"

"Hush, my dear! What can you know of this story of mine? When George learns all this, he is in an agony of despair. He takes the ticket from his pocket, and is about to destroy it, when Saul falls on his knees at his friend's feet, and begs, entreats, in *his* agony, for the ticket, so that *he* may go instead of George. For Saul's dear woman has left him; has charged him, by his love for her and for their child, to make an effort to lift them from shame; and he sees no way—no way but this which is suddenly opened to him. George gives his friend the ticket, and the next day Saul bids good-bye to the land which holds all that is dear to his heart."

The man in possession pauses here, and old Ben Sparrow gazes earnestly at him. When he resumes, his voice grows more solemn.

"Saul reaches his destination, and after much wandering finds a shelter in the mountains with a little colony of gold-diggers. He makes a friend there—David. Another—David's wife. God rest their souls! Another David's little daughter. Saul finds gold, and thanks God for his goodness. He will come home and make atonement. But the snow season sets in, and he and his companions are imprisoned by mountains of snow whose shallowest depth is sufficient for a man's grave if he is buried up-standing. An awful night comes, when the snow drift walls up their tents. In the morning the tents are hemmed in; the diggers can not open their doors. Near to the tent in which Saul and David and David's wife and David,s little daughter live, is a tree. Saul climbs to the roof of the tent, breaks through it, climbs on to the tree, and calls to his friends to follow him. David tries, and fails; he falls back into the tent, and hurts himself to death. Saul, in an agony, calls out for David's little daughter, and the mother succeeds in raising the child through the roof of the tent; Saul clutches the little girl and takes her to his heart. All this time the storm is raging; the snow rises higher and higher. David commands his wife to save herself; she refuses, and stays to nurse him, and slowly, slowly, my dears, the snow falls; the walls of the tent give way; and David's wife meets a noble death, and both find their grave."

Awe-struck, they listen to this strange man's story. A look of pity steals into his face—and then he murmurs to himself, "No, why should I bring sadness upon them this night? And says, aloud,

"The tree to which Saul clings for dear life with David's little daughter one other man manages to reach. His story you shall hear to-morrow; sufficient here to say that it is a story of a man's love for his children, his gold to Saul for a good purpose. But this man is weak; his strength fails him in the night; and when the next morning's sun rises, Saul and David's little daughter are the only ones left. Can you picture Saul to yourself clinging to the tree, holding in his arms the life of a dear little one? Can you realize the agony of the time? Can you believe that his grief and tribulation are so great during the terrible days that follow, that his hair turns snow-white—"

"But he is saved?" cries Bessie and her grandfather at once.

"He is saved."

"And David's little daughter—?"

"Is saved also, God be thanked!" They draw a long breath.

"But little remains to be told. Saul comes home, bringing David's little daughter with him. He seeks his dear woman. He marries her. He hears that the old man and the dear girl who have protected and reared his child are in trouble—that an execution is to be put into the old man's shop for rent—"

"And he becomes a man in possession!" cries old Ben, starting up in indescribable excitement. "Oh dear! oh dear! He becomes a man in possession!"

The tolling of the bell is heard.

"As you say. Is not the Westminster clock beginning to chime the hour? Listen for one minute more. When Judas comes in this afternoon, do you think the man in possession is asleep? No; he is awake and hears every word that passes, and such a joy came in to his heart as he can not describe—for he thinks of George, that dear friend, that noble friend, that man! What does the man in possession do when Judas has gone? He writes a letter doesn't he? Hark! the last hour is tolling! Twelve!"

The door opens, and Bessie, with a wild cry, moves but a step, and presses her hand to heart. George stands before, pale with the excitement of this moment, hopeful, and with love in his eyes.

"George, my dear boy!" cries old Ben, grasping the young man's hands. "Can you forgive me, Bessie?" asks George.

A grateful sob escapes from the girl's overcharged heart, and the lovers are linked in a close embrace.

As if the happy union has conjured them up, there enter on the instant Jim Naldret and Mrs. Naldret, she nursing David's little daughter. And behind them with a wistful look, with hands that are convulsed with excess of tenderness, with eyes and face and heart filled with yearning love, stands the Mother hungering for her child! Tenderly and solemnly Saul places Tottie in Jane's arms. The Mother steals softly into the shop with her child, and Saul follows, and kneels before her. Presently she takes him also to her breast.

"Dear wife!" he murmurs; and a prayer of thankfulness for the mercy and the goodness of God comes to mind.

Half an hour afterward he enters the room with Jane and their child.

"Bessie," he says, "this is my wife, Jane."

And as Bessie kisses her and caresses her, the sorrow of the past melts into gratitude for the present.

They sit and talk.

"George and I are going into business together," says Saul. "We shall start a little shop of our own."

"And stop at home," remarks Mrs. Naldret "and be continued."

"Yes," replies George, "on bread-and-cheese and kisses. I shall be able to buy my pots and pans now."

Somehow or other George has come into possession of the little silk purse again.

"Bessie!" exclaims Mrs. Naldret. "My dream that I told you last year'll come true!"

The maid blushes. She is dreaming happily now. So are they all, indeed. Old Ben hopes they will not wake up presently.

Silence falls upon them. And in the midst of the silence, the sounds of music steal to their ears, and they gaze at each other with earnest, grateful eyes. It is the waits playing "Home, sweet Home."

THE END.

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Call and see us before leaving your Orders Elsewhere

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may4:70.1y Bridgewater, Pa

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Jan17'72-1y

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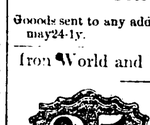

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